

CATHEDRALS, ABBEYS, AND CHURCHES
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES.



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CATHEDRALS, ABBEYS, AND CHURCHES

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES.

DESCRIPTIVE, HISTORICAL, PICTORIAL.

EDITED BY
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HON. CANON OF MANCHESTER.

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ABBEYS AND CHURCHES

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES.



EXTERIOR OF HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

THE Abbey of Westminster, to use the words of the late Dean Stanley, "is not only Rheims Cathedral and St. Denys both in one, but is also what the Panthéon was intended to be to France, what the Valhalla is to Germany, what Santa Croce is to Italy." *Siste, viator, calcas herosa*, is nowhere so apt as within its walls. Every stone within the building seems incorporated into the fabric of our national history, every slab of its pavements

tells of those who have played their part, often for good, sometimes for ill, in the making of England.

The date of the first foundation of Westminster Abbey is uncertain. Its earlier history is inextricably entangled with legend. At any rate, before the Romans came—when a British village marked the future site of London city—there was higher up, on the left bank of the Thames, an island or peninsula among the marshes, formed by the confluence of two tributary brooks with the main river. We may well doubt the tale which states that a Roman temple stood on the site of St. Peter's Abbey, although a stone sarcophagus of that age has been dug up near the north buttresses. Time passed; the Romans left, the English came. The land became more populous, and this spot—the isle of Thorns, as it was called—attracted attention. Being raised slightly above the surrounding fen, and supplied by springs—of which one was till lately indicated by “Dean's Yard Pump”—it came to be selected as a settlement, possibly monastic from the first. The grave of Sebert, king early in the seventh century, is still shown in the Abbey, and he is claimed as its first founder; but, at any rate, a community of Benedictine monks was established here in the reign of Edgar. It is, however, to Edward (commonly called the Confessor) that we must look as the originator of the greatness of St. Peter's Church at Westminster. Before coming to the throne he had vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, but had been absolved from this obligation by the Pope on condition of establishing a monastery in honour of Rome's patron saint. Westminster had now become a royal residence, though its palace had not the fame or splendour of after days. The little Abbey near its gates was already of some repute, for it had been dedicated to St. Peter, as the tale went, by the saint himself. This Edward resolved to re-build. During the later years of his reign he reared, at a vast cost, and by the help of Norman architects, a church almost coextensive with the present building.

The Confessor's Minster was no doubt far more elaborate in design and execution than any other church in Britain. St. Stephen's and La Trinité, at Caen, though both of slightly later date, may perhaps give us an idea of its main features. It was cruciform in plan, with three towers, two western, one central, capped by short spires, and with an apsidal east end. No trace of it, however, now remains above ground, though here and there in the monastic precincts a few fragments of wall may be seen, some of them actual remnants of the Confessor's work, others built not long after his death, and in continuance of his plan. The church was only ready for dedication at the close of his reign; and he was unable to be present at the ceremony. On Innocents' Day, 1065, he was just able to sign the Charter, the new building was consecrated in the Queen's presence by the hands of Stigand, and on Sylvester's Eve Edward passed away, and a troublous time for England began.

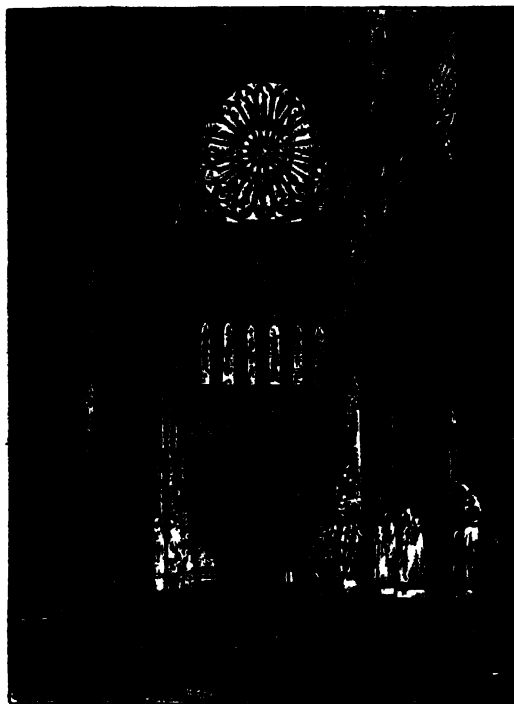
WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Thus the inaugural events for the Abbey of Westminster were the funeral of its founder and the coronation of his successor—both of them events significant of its future history. But we will only dwell upon this so far as it affects the fabric itself. That remained with little change for nearly two centuries. One of the first acts of Henry III. was to add a Lady Chapel east of the Norman apse. A quarter of a century later (A.D. 1245) he undertook a far greater work, the rebuilding of the whole Abbey. To him we owe a large part of the present structure; and to his eclectic tastes many of its peculiarities are due. The new church was the outcome both of his religious fervour, which was exceptional, and of his personal feeling towards the English side of his ancestry. It is no less a memorial of another trait in his character—his lavish expenditure; for “the royal Abbey, as in the Confessor’s time so in Henry’s, is absolutely a royal gift.” At his death the building was carried westward only one bay beyond the transept. It was continued three bays further by his son, Edward I. For some two hundred years the work progressed slowly, the nave being gradually replaced; but at the time of the Civil War the western towers were still unfinished. After the Restoration they fell into the hands of Wren, who completed the western façade of the building. Of his addition to the Abbey, we can only say that it is an excellent piece of masonry, and might easily have been yet more incongruous. His design for the finished building will be found on page 287. He also disfigured the details of the front of the north transept. Here, however, a recent restoration, directed by Mr. (afterwards Sir) G. G. Scott, has effaced the traces of Wren’s unsympathetic hand. But, while the old faith yet prevailed, and before the old style of architecture had yielded to the reviving classic spirit, one great alteration was made in the eastern part of the Abbey: the Lady Chapel—the third Henry’s earliest work—was taken down by the seventh Henry, and replaced by one of larger and statelier proportions. It was designed to quiet his conscience by enlisting on his side the Virgin, in whom he had always had “most singulier trust and confidence,” to secure that masses should be said, and alms distributed for the welfare of his soul “perpetually for ever, while the world shall endure”—that is, for some thirty years; perhaps, also, in consciousness of the weakness of his title to the throne, to set his mark on this which was already one of the most truly national among our edifices, and to make his grave in one of its most sacred places.

The Abbey suffered less than might have been expected both at the Reformation and during the Civil War. As the tomb-house of so many kings, it was dealt with tenderly at the former epoch. There had been no contumacious churchman, whose memory was an offence, in what had been almost a chapel royal. He whose relics were enshrined in its holiest place had been an English king. On the second occasion, when crown and mitre went down before the Puritan, the Abbey had become nationalised. No more striking testimony to this

can be quoted than the fact that the great Protector, with other magnates of his age, was laid to rest in the easternmost part of its Lady Chapel. So the hand of

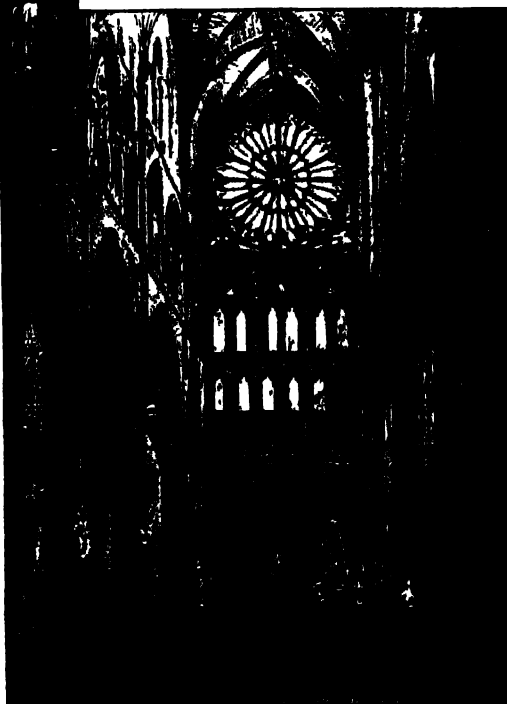
the iconoclast was to a great extent withheld. Natural decay, and the dull contempt for mediæval work which characterised the last century, have wrought mischief enough; nevertheless, many of its choicest relics have suffered but little. Disfigured as it is in many parts by incongruous and often hideous monuments, overcrowded with such memorials as it is in all, "the Abbey" still remains one of the most beautiful among our churches, the most interesting



THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

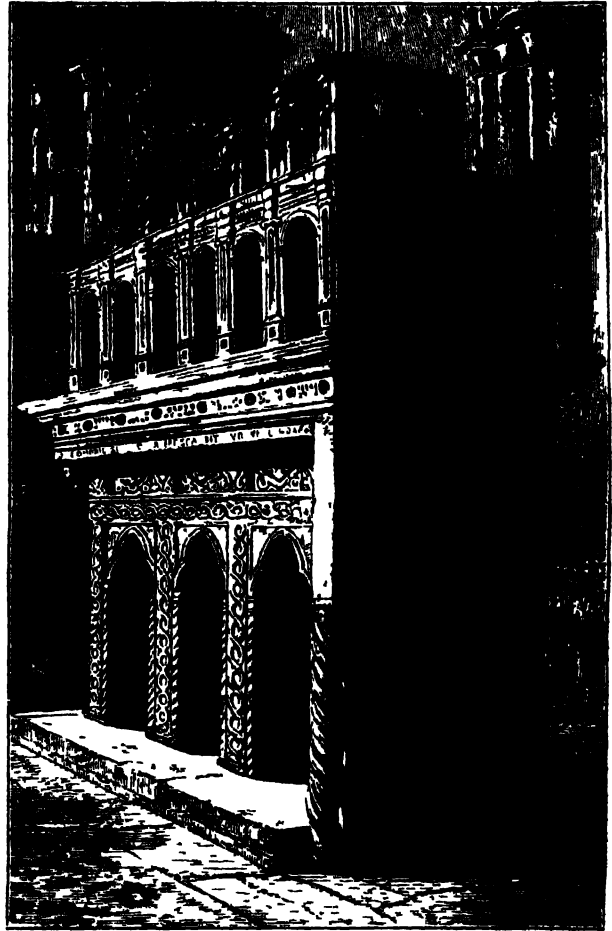
historic building in the whole of the United Kingdom.

Let us enter the Minster by its western door; for this is the best way of apprehending at a glance its most characteristic features. One, as seen from this point—with Wren's work at our back, and that of Henry VII. hid from view—is the uniformity of the design as a whole. Though, as we have said, almost the whole of the nave is later than the reign of Henry III., it produces the impression of a building belonging to the earliest part of the Middle Pointed, or Decorated, Period. Another feature is, for an English Minster, its exceptional



THE SOUTH TRANSEPT.

height. Its architecture has, from the first, been slightly exotic. Both the English Edward and the English-born Henry made use of French architects. Westminster Abbey is not only actually the loftiest ecclesiastical structure in England, but also the highest in proportion to its breadth; the ratio of the one to the other being 3 to 1, while in most of our cathedrals it varies from 2 to 2.5 to 1. Another characteristic, not common, though not unique, is its chevet, or apse. This, too, is French rather than English. The last feature we will notice is its high ornamentation. Though, as is usual in buildings of this date, the tracery of the windows and the capitals of the columns are not especially rich in design, the walls are covered with elaborate diapering up to the base of the clerestory. If we may venture on a criticism, the height is almost disproportionate, making the building look a little narrow, and the triforium, beautiful as it is in itself, rather detracts from the effect of the clerestory. An arcade of simpler design, as at Rheims, produces a more harmonious whole. The ritual choir now occupies three bays of the nave. It is enclosed by a



SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

stone screen; of this the inner stonework dates from the thirteenth century, but the façade is of the nineteenth. Right of the doorway and beneath an arch is the monument of the first Earl Stanhope; left, that of Isaac Newton, the mathematician and physicist. The organ, not long since re-arranged and enlarged, is grouped on each side of the screen so as not to obstruct the view.

The monuments in the nave, numerous as they have become, are comparatively modern, few interments, at any rate of note, having taken place here before the beginning of the last century. Yet there is now but little room left

in the floor for graves, or on the walls for memorials. Under the north-west tower, around the cumbrous monument of Fox (removed from the north transept, where the great orator was buried), are grouped those of other eminent Liberals, so that this "has been consecrated as the Whigs' Corner." Over the west door is the statue of Pitt. Under the south-west tower, in the baptistery, was the consistory court; a figure in the window is said to represent the Black Prince. Here is a monument to Addison's friend Craggs, with an epitaph written by Pope. Here, too, are memorials of William Wordsworth, John Keble, Frederick Maurice, and Charles Kingsley—all buried elsewhere.

The north aisle shows us the stone beneath which "rare Ben Jonson" is buried in a standing position; the last resting-place of the great surgeon, John Hunter; the graves of Spencer Perceval, the murdered statesman, and Charles Lyell, great in geology, near that of Woodward, founder of the professorship of that science at Cambridge. John Herschel, the illustrious astronomer, is not far from the monument of Newton, and in fit proximity to the latter is Charles Darwin, hardly less great among naturalists than he among mathematicians.

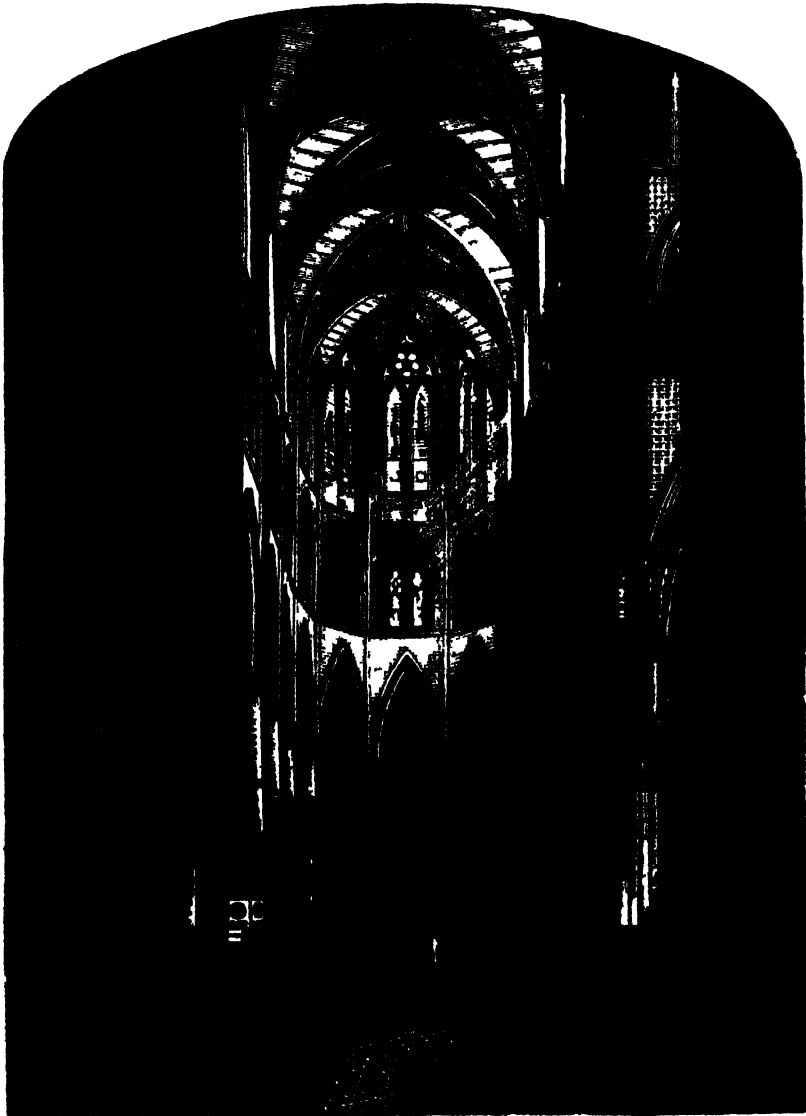
In the south aisle we must not forget to notice the curious Abbots' pew above the Dean's door. Its pavement, as its walls, tells us of Atterbury, divine, statesman, and conspirator, who was buried in this familiar spot "as far from kings and Cæsars as the space will admit of." Friend's memorial is appropriately near. Congreve, the dramatist, favourite of a duchess, is here; and, in congenial company, Mrs. Oldfield, whom the pomps and vanities of the world accompanied to her coffin. Admiral Tyrell deserved better of his generation than to be commemorated by so hideous a monument, which has, however, now assumed less offensive proportions. Many other brave soldiers and sailors have memorials here. Some of the monuments record those whose graves are in the central part of the nave. Among these are several who in our own days have attained to repute. Here rested for a few days the body of George Peabody. Toward the eastern part lie, in one row, G. E. Street, G. G. Scott, and Charles Barry. South of these are placed Lord Lawrence, Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), and Outram, the Bayard of India. Not far away rests the body of David Livingstone, brought to the African coast from the central wilds by the loving care of his native attendants; and Cochrane, Lord Dundonald, the prey of faction, has here met with tardy justice. Here is a brass to Robert Stephenson, who is interred in St. Andrew's Chapel, and one to Sir Robert Wilson; the former ugly in its realism, the latter ridiculous in its mediævalism. The General is represented in full fourteenth century armour! North and south of the Choir the aisles continue to be crowded with monuments. On the north side we note memorials of Blow, Croft, and Purcell, of Arnold, of Wilberforce, and of Stamford Raffles, and the new altar-tomb of the late Sub-Dean, Lord John Thynne. On

the south side are memorials of Watts and the Wesleys, of Kneller and Paoli. The murder of Thomas Thynn is "writ in marble;" and among many other brave men is Sir Cloudesley Shovel, "a very gallant man."

The north transept, after the interment of Lord Chatham, became "the statesman's aisle." No part of the building is more crowded with monuments, especially with monuments of modern date. It might be compared to a petrified Madame Tussaud's. In several cases the monuments are only memorials, but Chatham, Fox, Grattan, George Canning, and his son, the Viceroy of India, are actually buried here. On the west side, under the arches, are three large monuments: one, the "Great Commoner;" another, three captains in Rodney's fleet; the third, Lord Mansfield. Near these are the statues of Castlereagh and Palmerston and Follett. In the adjoining aisle Lord Aberdeen ("the travelled Thane"), George Cornwall Lewis, Warren Hastings, Jonas Hanway, Francis Horner, and Richard Cobden, are commemorated; also Herbert Edwardes and Vice-Admiral Watson, both of Indian fame, with many more "mighty men of valour." Newcastle, "the loyal Duke," and his literary Duchess, occupy places under the arches on the north side, and east of these is the monument to Sir Peter Warren. The statues of the three Cannings are side by side; south of them stands Sir John Malcolm, and then Beaconsfield. At the corner is Peel, absurdly clad in a Roman toga. Behind these are the chapels of St. Andrew, St. Michael, and St. John the Evangelist, now thrown together by the destruction of their screens. They, too, are crowded with monuments. The kneeling knights supporting the upper slab of Sir Francis Vere's tomb are admirably executed, as Roubiliac himself testified. That sculptor's ghastly memorial to Mrs. Nightingale is familiar to all. Norris, made fatherless by Anne Boleyn's fondness, with his wife—Queen Elizabeth's "black crow"—rests in St. Andrew's Chapel. Sir George Holles has displaced the altar of St. John; Sarah, Duchess of Somerset, that of St. Michael; and among others recorded on the walls we can only name Mrs. Siddons, Admiral Kempenfelt, and Sir John Franklin.

The south transept has become the Valhalla of literature. The eastern portion has long borne the name of "Poets' Corner." The western wall "was early called the 'learned' or the 'historical' side." We cannot attempt to enumerate the names of all those who are buried or commemorated here. The paragraph would become a mere catalogue. We can only mention some of those for whom it is the actual resting-place. Chief is Chaucer, who ended his life in the Abbey precincts. The monument was erected a century and a half later. Close by are Dryden's tomb and Beaumont's grave. Here, too, lie Michael Drayton and Edmund Spenser, Abraham Cowley and Matthew Prior, Thomas Campbell and John Gay. In or near this transept also are laid Isaac Casaubon, William Camden, Henry Spelman, Isaac Barrow, David Garrick, Samuel Johnson, Thomas

Babington Macaulay, and Connop Thirlwall. The large allegorical monument of the Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, whom readers of the "Heart of Midlothian"

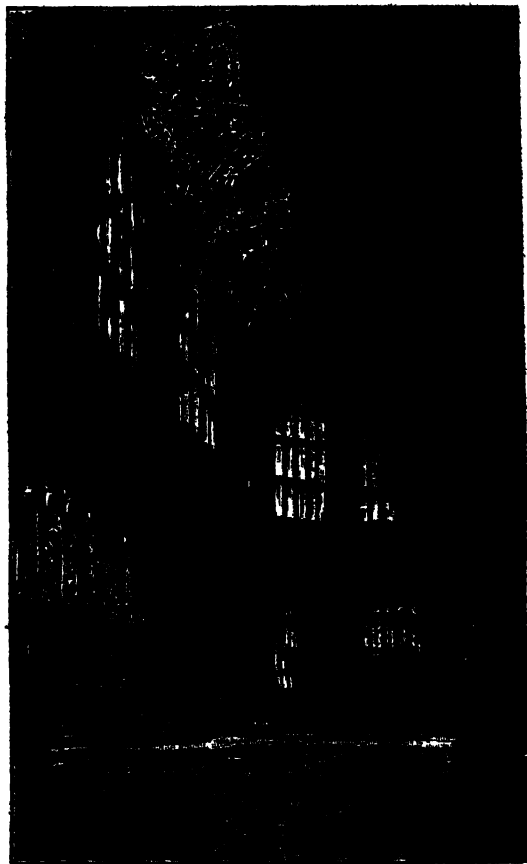


THE CHOIR.

will remember, disfigures this transept, but his body was laid in a vault beneath the Chapel of Henry VII.

In the Choir the fittings are modern, as are the altar and reredos; the marble pavement is only of interest as the gift of Busby, the great schoolmaster of

his age. But that within the rails is, for England, an exceptional work; the materials, in great part spoils of classic structures, were brought from Rome by an Abbot of Westminster, and the mosaic was executed by workmen from that city about the year 1268. The sepulchral memorials around us here go back to earlier times. A beautiful tomb north of the altar commemorates Edmund Crouchback, son of Henry III., and founder of the House of Lancaster. Beneath the next arch is the monument of his wife, Aveline, together with that of Aymer de Valence, nicknamed by Gaveston, to his sorrow, "Joseph the Jew." On the south side, behind the sedilia, is the reputed tomb of Sebert, but not, of course, a contemporary work, and beneath the next arch rests the "great Flemish mare," Anne of Cleves. The portrait of Richard II., "the first contemporary painting of an English Sovereign," now hangs in front of some curious tapestry. The beginning of many an epoch in English history is brought to mind as we regard this part of the Abbey, for here the Sovereign is crowned, the throne being placed in front of the altar. The homage of the peers is received on another seat, erected beneath the lantern. Each one who can be said to have really reigned over England has been crowned in the Abbey of Westminster, from the days of William the Norman to those of Queen Victoria; and it has also been the scene of many another act of national worship, such as the Thanksgiving Service on the completion of the fiftieth year of her present Majesty's reign.



INTERIOR OF HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

East of the transepts, north and south, are two little chapels. The northern bears Abbot Islip's name, and in the chantry above are preserved the remains of the waxwork effigies which used to be carried at royal and other great funerals, and in former days were among the chief attractions of the Abbey.

On the south side is the chapel of St. Benedict. In the north ambulatory are those of St. John the Baptist and St. Paul: in the south, of St. Edmund and St. Nicholas. All are crowded with monuments—mostly of Elizabethan and Jacobean times, though among them are some of earlier date. The most interesting (in the chapel of St. Edmund) is the tomb of William de Valence, half-brother of Henry III., “the only existing example of an effigy in Limoges enamel work in England,” but it has been sadly mutilated. In the same chapel is the effigy of Elizabeth Russell, who, according to the old legend, died from the prick of a needle, “a martyr to good housewifery.”

The place of chief interest is the Confessor's Chapel, which occupies the remainder of the Choir behind the high altar, and is thus raised considerably above the level of the ambulatory. In the centre of the ancient inlaid pavement stands the magnificent shrine erected by Henry III. to contain the body of his sainted predecessor. Though the golden casket which enclosed the coffin has been replaced by a humbler fabric of wood, though the Purbeck marble of the lower part has crumbled, and the glass mosaic has in many places been chipped away, this is still the most perfect monument of its kind in Britain, for to such as these the Reformation proved exceptionally fatal. A memorial hardly less interesting stands in front of the old screen which backs the reredos. This is the Coronation Chair. It was made by order of Edward I., and first used at his son's coronation. It has served the same purpose without interruption for six hundred years. Beneath it is the stone of Scone, a relic yet more venerable—though we discard the legends of its having served as Jacob's pillow at Bethel, and of its subsequent wanderings—for it was the Palladium of Scotland, and the throning-stool of its kings. The second chair was made for Queen Mary at the joint coronation of herself and William III. Between these are placed the huge sword and shield of Edward III. “Longshanks” lies beneath the third bay to the north, his strange order as to the disposal of his body having been thus violated. Beneath the next arch is the stately tomb of Henry III., enriched with slabs of Egyptian and Spartan “porphyry,” the spoils of Rome. Next comes the monument of Queen Eleanor, ending the line of memorial crosses. Then, beneath a stately chantry, which is extended eastward to overarch the ambulatory, stands the tomb of Henry V., the victor of Agincourt. The body of his wife, Katherine, after many vicissitudes, is now placed near. Opposite to Eleanor lies Queen Philippa; then comes the monument of her husband, Edward III.; and lastly the ill-fated Richard II. and his Queen, Anne. All are memorials of the highest interest, on account of their execution as well as of their antiquity. They have not wholly escaped the hand of the iconoclast or of the relic-hunter. Still, as a rule, the injuries are comparatively light, and it has been deemed needless, happily, to invoke the aid of the restorer. John of Waltham, favourite of

Richard II., has been admitted into this august fellowship. Edith, wife of Edward the Confessor, rests near her husband's shrine. Queen Maud lies on the south side, while Elizabeth Tudor and Thomas of Woodstock complete the company of monarchs and their kinsfolk.

After the entombment of Henry V. there came a break in the royal



WREN'S DESIGN FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE ABBEY.

funerals. Henry VI., though, as graphically described by Dean Stanley, he chose him a place near the Confessor, rests at Windsor, as does his rival, Edward IV. But the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster is commemorated by the building of a large tomb-house. Henry VII. took down the original Lady Chapel, and erected that which now bears his name. This, though not the largest, is the finest piece of "Tudor" work in England. Although we may hesitate to apply to it Leland's courtly phrase—*orbis miraculum*—the roof, at any rate, is a marvel of elaboration. The building has side aisles, and is terminated by a chevet of four chapels. The stalls, of contemporary work, are

adorned with the banners and marked by the armorial bearings of Knights of the Bath—of which order the Dean of Westminster is *ex officio* dean. Near the eastern end is the stately monument of the founder, Henry VII., and of his wife. The figures are of bronze, the tomb is of marble, adorned with alabaster and with medallions in copper. It is the work of Torregiano, Renaissance rather than Gothic in design. The grille, however, wrought by English artists, is more in harmony with the chapel. Henry the VII.'s grandson, Edward VI., was interred on the site of the altar at which masses were to be perpetually said for his grandfather's soul. No monument marked the boy-king's grave, but a re-



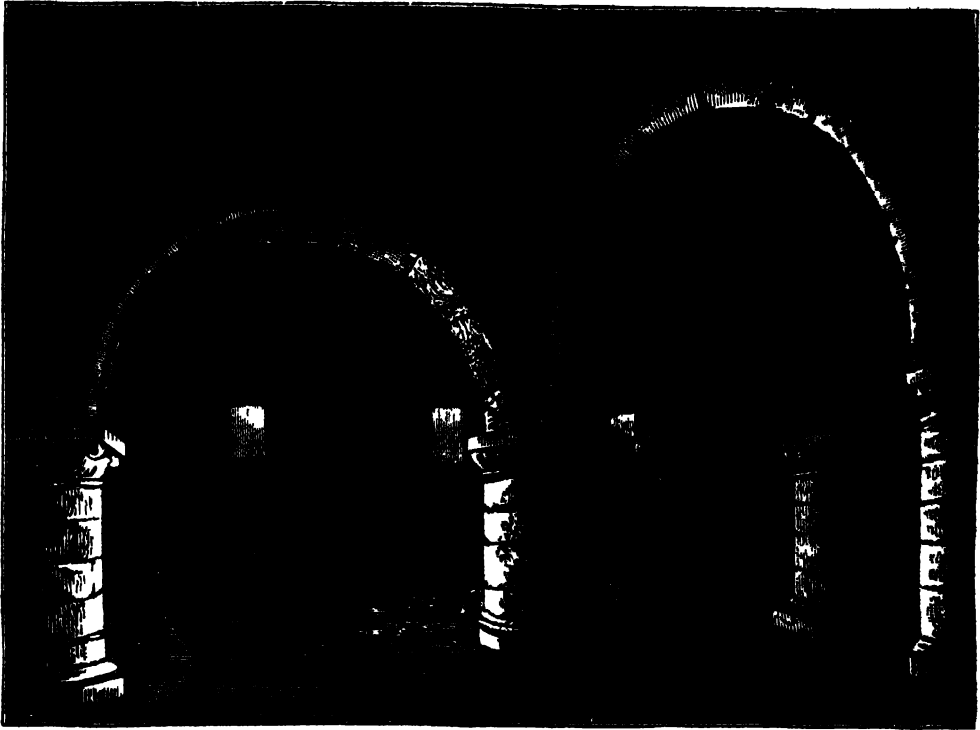
DEAN STANLEY.

storation of the altar, including two pillars from the original, now serves as a memorial. From his time till the reign of George III. this chapel was the usual burial-place for members of the royal house, but the line of royal monuments closes with the reign of James I., whose body was laid within the founder's vault. A stately monument in the south aisle covers the corpse of his mother, transferred hither from the cathedral of Peterborough. By this is a tomb not less worthy of note than the founder's: that of his mother, the saintly Lady Margaret, also the work of Torregiano. In this aisle also lie Margaret Lennox (grandmother of James I.), numerous members of the Stuart family, and other illustrious personages, including General Monk.

At the eastern end of the same aisle lie Charles II., William III. and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and Prince George of Denmark; west of the founder's vault are George II. and Queen Caroline, with not a few of their children and grandchildren. In the north aisle a splendid monument commemorates the national mourning for Queen Elizabeth, and in the same grave is buried her less lamented sister Mary. Two children of James I. lie near, and in a small sarcophagus are placed the bones, discovered in the Tower, which were supposed to be the remains of the murdered sons of Edward IV.

Few members of any royal family are buried beneath the chapels of the chevet. One is encumbered by the vast monument of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, King James's "Steenie;" another, no less by that of Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. In the north-eastern chapel lies John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, with his fantastic wife. In the south-eastern is placed the Duc de Montpensier—brother to Louis Philippe—who died an exile in England, in

1807; and the late Dean, Arthur Stanley, rests by the side of his beloved wife. Over their graves a beautiful altar-tomb has been erected. The easternmost chapel has no monument, but a glance at the inscriptions on the floor is enough. In the vault beneath were laid the Protector Cromwell, with some of his family and friends, chief among them being Ireton, Bradshaw, and Admiral Blake. After the Restoration these were all ejected; most of them were reinterred



THE CHAPEL OF THE PYX.

outside the Abbey, but the corpses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were dragged to Tyburn for mutilation and insult. The vault afterwards received some of the illegitimate progeny of the second Charles, but was saved from utter dishonour by the subsequent interment in it of the Duke of Ormond, and of Bentinck, Earl of Portland. What satire could be more bitter than to place a bastard of that Charles who brought England so low among nations, in the very grave from which Blake had been ejected as unworthy!

Full of interest as is the exterior of the Abbey, our space forbids us to linger there. Notwithstanding three centuries of change, much still remains of the old Benedictine monastery. There are the venerable cloisters, black with the smoke of London; there is the exquisite chapter-house, built by the second founder, and

now, after so many years of misuse, restored to something of its pristine beauty ; there is the massive door which closes the old Norman Chapel of the Pyx, with its grim history, and the dark passage which retains portions, at least, of the Confessor's work. Fragments of the Norman dormitory can be discerned in the great schoolroom where generation after generation of scholars has been reared since the days of "Good Queen Bess." At the back of Ashburnham House are some remnants of the ancient Norman refectory. The present house is attributed to Inigo Jones. If it be his design, which is doubtful, it has been greatly altered. Some of the internal decoration is good, but it is difficult to understand, on grounds purely æsthetic, the outcry which was raised a few years ago when the house was transferred to the school. Great Dean's Yard is bordered on the eastern side by a row of houses which still retain many traces of the old monastic buildings. In the Abbots' Hall, built by Littlington, the Queen's Scholars of Westminster School dine, at tables made, it is said, from captured ships of the Spanish Armada ; and between this and the Abbey is yet another hall of the same date—the Jerusalem Chamber. Here—who needs to be reminded of it?—Henry IV. died ; here the Westminster Confession was drawn up ; here Convocation has often assembled ; here, also, the revisers of the Old Testament held their meetings.

In the future, as in the past, changes must come to the Abbey of Westminster. Two are imperatively necessary, and cannot long be delayed : a thorough repair of the fabric, and the addition of a building to serve as a tomb-house. Let us hope that in carrying out the former, the hand of the restorer will be as far as possible withheld. Better the crumbling stone, so long as it does not endanger the fabric, than the new-carved capital or tracery ; better, in many cases, even the alterations of an unwise age than the modern imitation of what the original architect may have wrought. Incrustations and excrescences might, indeed, here and there be removed with advantage, but even in this it is better to err on the safe side. Still, as the Abbey is already overcrowded with monuments, it is to be hoped that before long the desire of the late and of the present Dean will be accomplished, and an addition be made to the buildings in the form of a cloister or tomb-house, into which some of the most modern monuments might be moved. Beyond this we do not wish to look, though the times are ominous of changes, and there is reason for fear as well as for hope. We part, however, from the Abbey, trusting that Dean Stanley's words may be prophetic : "Here, if anywhere, the Christian worship of England may labour to meet both the strength and the weakness of succeeding ages, to inspire new meanings into ancient forms, and embrace within itself each rising aspiration after Truth and Justice and Love."

T. G. BONNEY.

BRIDGWATER, WESTON ZOYLAND, AND TAUNTON.

MEMORIES OF SEDGMOOR.

SOMERSET is nowadays a veritable Sleepy Hollow among English counties; the pulses of the national life throb in the busy, crowded communities of northern and midland towns—a fact of which the framer of each successive Reform Act has made a note by reducing the political influence of this diminishing population. But although it be indisputable that English history in the present is being made elsewhere, Somerset has borne its full share of the troubles and turmoils of the past, and three or four centuries ago its sons dotted its surface with enduring memorials of their perfection in an art which this more polished age seems to have lost. The church towers of Somerset are unrivalled specimens of Perpendicular architecture, which enjoy universal fame. Even the expanse of flat, low-lying land between the Mendip and the Quantock hills—which the sea has been made to surrender against its will, so to speak, and where at times the flood-waters yet bring to a standstill that embodiment of the triumph of mind over matter, the railway locomotive—is rich in varied memories. In its waste and primitive state, when almost the only sounds heard here would be the plash of waters and the shrill cries of the sea-fowl among the sedges, it naturally formed for a time a sort of march or border country between the West Saxons and the Britons, in the course of the conquest by which the latter were gradually driven back to their final retreat, Cornwall. King Ina, in the beginning of the eighth century, pushing his power further westward, on rising ground above the River Tone, on a spot probably marked out for him by a former Roman occupation, built a castle and drew up his code of laws. This, then, was the origin of the modern county town of Taunton, whose beautiful church of St. Mary Magdalene is known to everyone who has ever passed through West Somerset. But the West Saxons were in their turn overrun by a fresh horde of sea rovers, whose fierce energies had not yet been softened by a settled life. When at last, in 878, Guthrum poured his Danish host down upon the royal palace at Chippenham, in Wiltshire, the power of Wessex seemed to be completely overthrown. The only refuge open to the fugitive king was the marsh-land of Somerset. But the beaten ruler was no ordinary man, for his subsequent action showed, and posterity has recognised, King Alfred to be the greatest of all the English kings before the Norman Conquest. He retreated to the island of Athelney, a spit of land between the Parret and the Tone, which furnished him with an impenetrable

fastness. There, like a tiger crouching for a spring, he sojourned for eight months, until he was ready to inflict a crushing blow upon the invader Guthrum. To this period is attributed the episode of the burning of the cakes, dear to the heart of Mrs. Barbauld.

The wars of King Stephen's reign must have swept over this district, for the king laid siege to the castles of powerful and predatory barons in various directions



BRIDGWATER. THE EXTERIOR.

around it; but nothing need be recorded here respecting them. Taunton Castle was, however, rebuilt by Bishop Giffard in the previous reign, Bridgwater Castle, built by Walter de Briwere in the reign of King John, has now totally disappeared. Upon three occasions the peace of this neighbourhood has been disturbed by conflicts for the possession of the English crown. Perkin Warbeck, after failing to effect much in Ireland, landed upon the coast of Cornwall, where his chief sympathisers were, and advanced eastward to conquer England. He seized upon Taunton, but got no further. Here he was faced by the royal forces, from which he fled without striking a blow, and was speedily captured and ultimately led to the gallows.

When, on April 23rd, 1642, Sir John Hotham, by order of Parliament, closed

the gates of Hull against King Charles I., and thus began the great Civil War,

the sympathies of Somerset were with the Parliament; but Cornwall was strongly Royalist, and Sir Ralph Hopton, raising a force there of nearly 4,000 horse and foot, swept through the county before any resistance could be organised nearer than at Bath, and took possession of Taunton on the way. Bridgwater, whose castle mounted forty guns, was already held by Colonel Wyndham for the



BRIDGWATER: THE INTERIOR.

King. Although the battle of Devizes threw the West entirely into the hands of the Royalists, Taunton was taken by Colonel Robert Blake in the next year. This gallant Somerset man, whose birthplace is still pointed out in Bridgwater, was afterwards the renowned admiral of the Commonwealth, but he did not adopt the sea as a profession till he was past fifty years of age. He was twice closely besieged by Lord Goring in Taunton, but nothing could cow the stubborn valour of the governor, nor shake the fidelity of the townspeople, even though they were reduced to

the verge of starvation and saw whole streets destroyed by the mortars and



BRIDGWATER: THE CORPORATION FOUNTAIN.

grenades of the Cavaliers. Fairfax and Cromwell defeated the Royalist force on July 10th at Aller Moor, on the right bank of the Parret, near Langport, and stormed Bridgwater on July 21st.

These sieges and battles, however, were only incidents in a larger drama which was played upon a wider stage; but forty years later this marsh-land of Somerset was the principal scene in a brief and pitiable tragedy which was of national interest and importance, and has endowed it with its principal memories. It was the scene also of a butchery more cruel and atrocious than any other recorded in our history; and it is hardly possible to look upon the greensward of Sedgmoor without a mist of blood coming in imagination before the eyes. When the Duke of Monmouth, one of the base-born sons of Charles II., raised the standard of revolt against the Catholic King, James II., and landed at Lyme in Dorset, he was well advised in making his way to Taunton. The men of the town had not shared in the revulsion of feeling which hailed the Restoration; they proudly celebrated the anniversary of the raising of the siege, and "their stubborn attachment to the old cause had excited so much fear and resentment at Whitehall that, by a royal order, their moat had been filled up and their wall demolished to the foundation." Monmouth was received, therefore, with the utmost enthusiasm, the town was decorated with wreaths and flowers, every man wore the badge of the movement, the church bells rang merrily, and a flag, embroidered with the royal emblems, was offered to Monmouth by a train of young girls. Whilst here, indeed, he was persuaded to assume the title of king, and was proclaimed as such in the market-place on the 20th of June, 1685. The next day he marched to Bridgwater, where he was received by the Mayor and Corporation in their robes of office, and again proclaimed at the high cross. He took up his quarters in the Castle, and his men encamped in the castle field, and fashioned themselves weapons out of scythes and other tools of husbandry or mining, in default of better equipment. The cavalry were mounted upon large colts, for at that period great herds were bred upon the marsh-land of Somerset for the purpose of supplying London with coach and cart-horses. Monmouth advanced from Bridgwater to Glastonbury, where his men bivouacked in the ruins of the abbey; for even sacred buildings are not respected in time of war. He was foiled, however, in his attempt to seize Bristol, and Bath refused to open its gates to him. The royal forces were near at hand, and he then fell back upon Frome, and on the 2nd of July re-entered Bridgwater, with his ardour very much damped. What to do he did not know—whether to abandon his rustic followers altogether, or to make a wild attempt to march into Cheshire. One project which he entertained was to entrench himself at Bridgwater, and hundreds of labourers were summoned to dig ditches and throw up earthworks. On the 5th of July the royal forces came in sight, and pitched their camp on

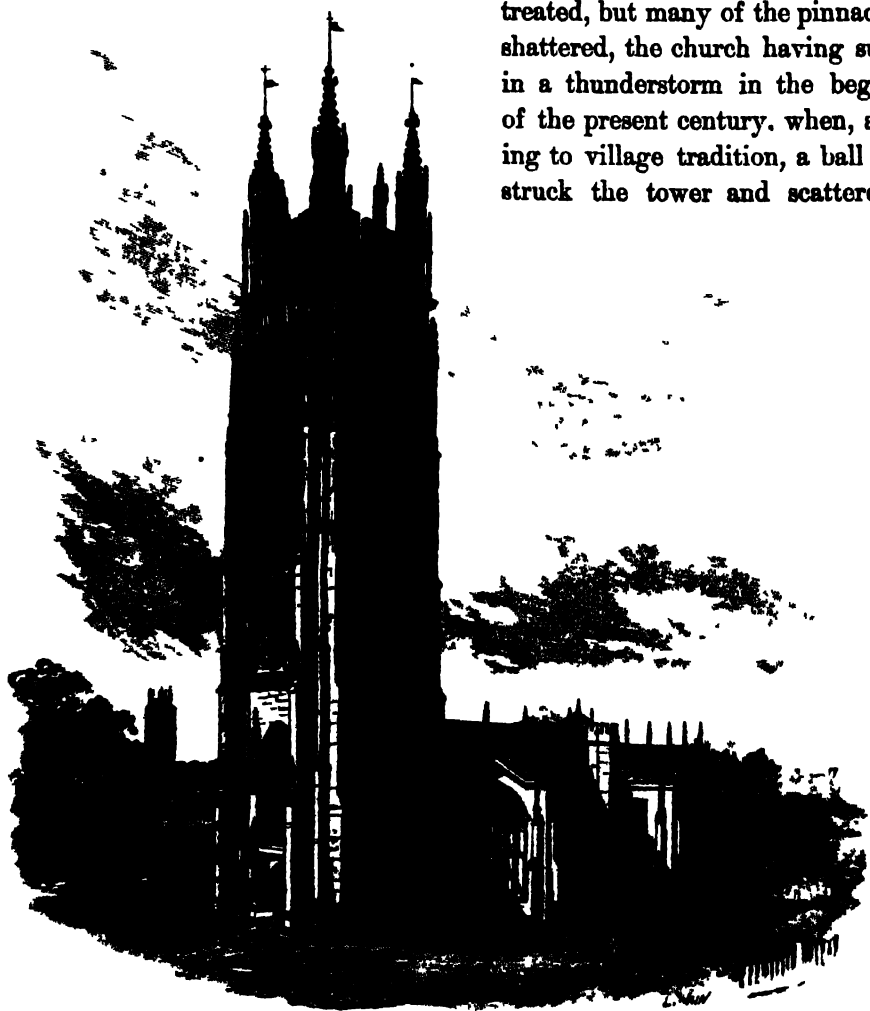
Sedgmoor; and as they lay here they were surveyed from the top of the tower of the parish church of Bridgwater, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene.

This church, of which we may here pause to give some details, is an exception to the general rule of Somerset churches, for it has a steeple, slender and graceful, which rises to a height of 174 feet from the ground. The church is a large one, with transepts and aisles, and is built with red stone of two kinds, the dark red of the tower forming an effective contrast to the lighter tint of the rest of the edifice. It is mainly Perpendicular in character, having been rebuilt or enlarged about 1420, but some portion of the nave and north porch are Decorated work, being about a century older. Above the porch is the priests' chamber, lighted by a curious and very unusual Trinity window, formed of two intersecting triangles. The "squint," which enabled those in the porch to command a view of the high altar, is still preserved. It is of large dimensions, and divided by shafts of stone and iron cross-bars into panels, and is said by tradition to be a lepers' squint. More uncommon is the arched recess on the exterior of the north transept, containing effigies. The interior has been restored, but possesses an interesting roof, pulpit, communion-table, and two screens, all of black oak, and very finely and boldly carved. The hand of the restorer has indeed removed the screens from their place in the chancel to adorn the organ chamber and the Mayor's pew, but that is better than destroying them altogether. An oil painting of the Descent from the Cross, artist unknown, which was presented to the church for an altar-piece, and blocks up the great east window, has a curious history. It was taken on board a privateer during the French war, and its donor, then member for the borough, was a scion of the Paulet family, who, in commemoration of Queen Anne's standing as his godmother, had been burdened with the name—unusual as a masculine prænomen—of Anne. In the chancel is an Elizabethan monument to Sir Francis Kingswell, who died in 1620, and in the churchyard reposes Oldmixon, a Whig pamphleteer, dull though virulent, who was gibbeted by Pope in "*The Dunciad*," but reaped from his patrons the more satisfactory reward of being made collector of customs at this port, which was then of greater importance than it is at present.

To the summit of the tower of this church, then, Monmouth climbed, with his principal officers, and with sad eyes surveyed the array of his enemies on the broad plain in front of him. This had altered in its character and appearance very much during the centuries which had elapsed since King Ina fought the Britons somewhere in the marshes round the mouth of the Parret. Although not, as now, rich with cornfields and apple trees, a good deal had been done towards draining the morass: banks had been built to keep back the sea where needed, and the ground was intersected by many wide and deep ditches, or rhines, as they are locally called, which served to carry the water off the land. The only landmarks on the moor were the towers of the village churches,

marking the spots here and there where human habitations were to be found. Most conspicuous of all was the fine square tower of the church of St. Mary, Weston Zoyland, rising in four storeys, with angle buttresses and battlemented parapet, to a height of 104 feet. The upper three stages are pierced with windows, flanked by canopied niches, which are mostly empty, although one or two headless and mutilated effigies still remain. The topmost stage is very richly

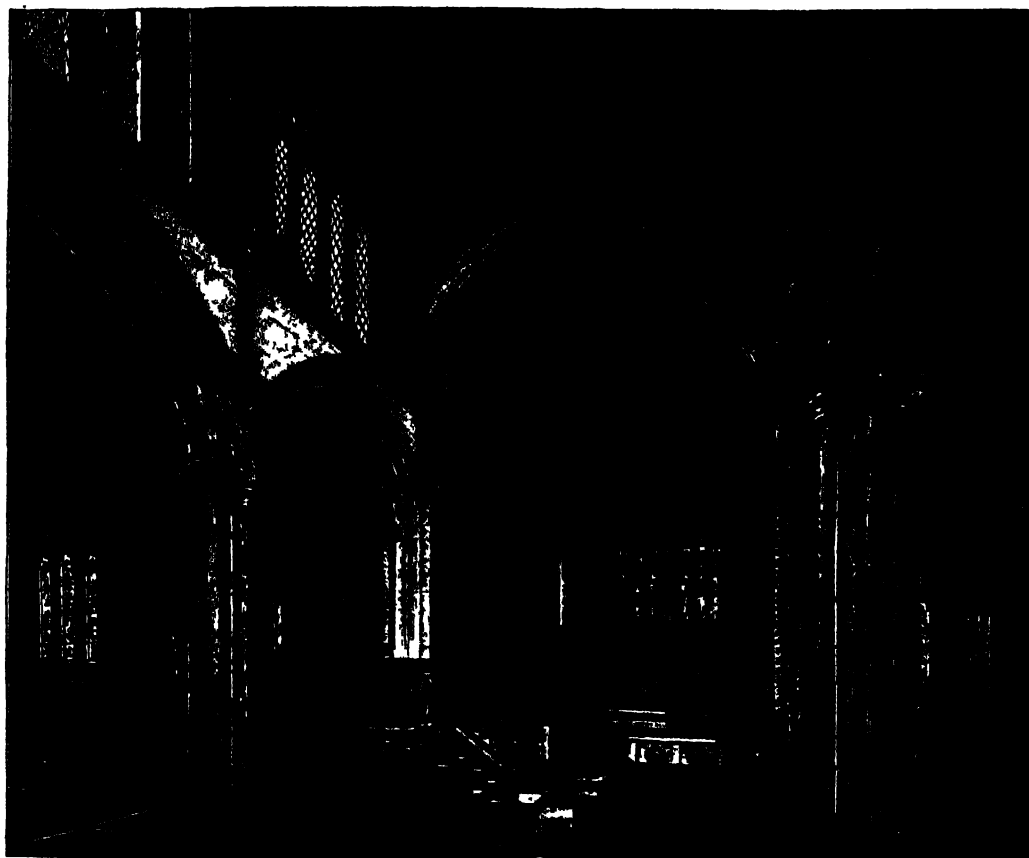
treated, but many of the pinnacles are shattered, the church having suffered in a thunderstorm in the beginning of the present century. when, according to village tradition, a ball of fire struck the tower and scattered the



TAUNTON: THE EXTERIOR.

stonework in all directions. The chancel is Decorated work; the nave, which has north and south aisles and transepts, is in the Perpendicular style; the oak roof is of very elaborate design, beautifully carved and decorated. In the north transept is a mural tomb, with an effectively carved canopy; the recumbent effigy

is that of a priest, and is probably not in its original position. The nave has a clerestory, which gives colour to the local tradition that the church was built by the monks of the monastery which formerly existed here, and of which remains are still to be seen. The church has suffered the ravages of restoration,



TAUNTON: THE INTERIOR.

and a fine old oak pulpit and sounding-board have disappeared, but some richly decorated bench-ends, with the initials R. B., still remain.

In the village of Weston Zoyland lay the royal cavalry, and here were the headquarters of the general in command, the Earl of Feversham. At Chedzoy, to the north, lay the regular infantry, and Monmouth's heart grew heavy as he gazed upon them, for he could remember how some of the battalions there assembled had fought under his command at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. In the church of Weston Zoyland is an altar-cloth which was thrust away beneath the pulpit to escape destruction at the Reformation, and was only discovered a few

years since; in the chancel the credence table and sedilia still remain; there is also a monumental brass which has not been stolen. In one of the buttresses is a sandstone, on which, the tradition runs, the weapons were sharpened on the night before the battle of Sedgemoor.

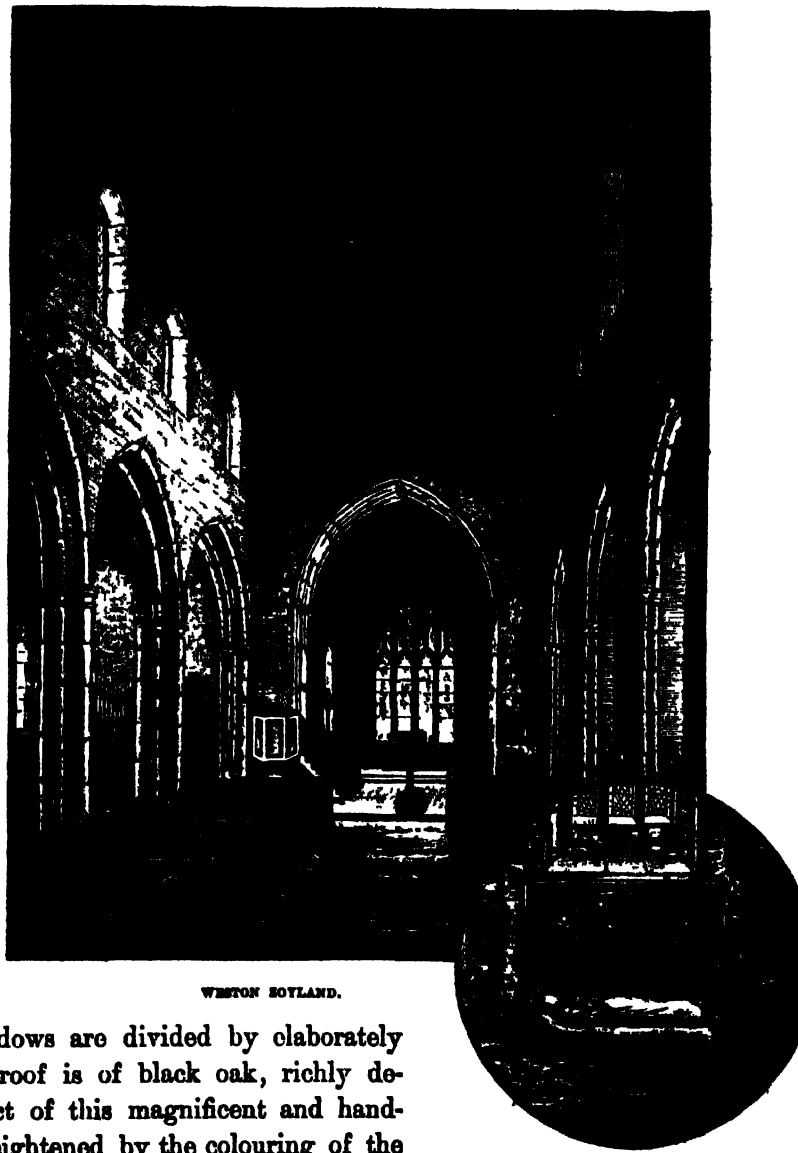
The result of Monmouth's inspection was a resolve to take the only course which offered any hope of dispersing the foes who hemmed him in—a night surprise. To reach Feversham's position three rhines had to be crossed, but, incredible as it seems, Monmouth's scouts had only notified him of the existence of two. The first was crossed in safety; the guides missed the causeway which bridged the second. In the confusion a pistol went off and warned the hostile camp, where Churchill was alert and watchful, if Feversham was not. This would not have been so serious, but when "King Monmouth's" men had found their way again they discovered a third stream, the Bussex-rhine, running dark and deep between them and the foe, and from the opposite bank the royal foot poured in a musketry fire which speedily destroyed Monmouth's hopes of success. He soon rode off the field, to avoid capture by the royal cavalry, but he was only reserved for a more inglorious taking and a shameful death. His deserted followers fought bravely, but superior discipline and arms told against them, and their rout was soon complete.

Then began the dance of death, the reign of terror. Before nightfall five hundred prisoners had been crowded into Weston Zoyland Church; eighty were wounded, and five died within the sacred walls.* While the bells rang merrily the tithing-men were busy collecting materials for the gallows tree, and Feversham lined the road from Bridgwater to Zoyland with a string of gibbets. Colonel Kirke succeeded to the work of slaughter, and then the infamous Jeffreys and four other judges were let loose on "the Bloody Assize," which turned Somerset and Dorset into a human shambles.

Before Jeffreys began his profanation of the name of justice at Taunton, he would, in accordance with immemorial custom, attend divine service in the church of St. Mary Magdalene, who appears to have been the favourite saint in this part of the country. The glory of the church is its tower, which was rebuilt in 1862, as nearly as possible in facsimile of the original, which had become insecure. It is most elegantly proportioned, light in effect, and rich in elaborate decoration; the critical in these matters even charge it, indeed, with being overloaded. Its height is 154 feet, and it is divided into four storeys, the lowest containing a rich doorway, arched with a square head up to the sill of a large five-light window, both door and window being flanked with statues and niches. Each stage is

* In the parish records are the following entries: "For frankincense and resin and other things to burn in the church after the prisoners were gone out, 5s. 8d." "Expended upon the day of thanksgiving after the fight, upon the ringers, 11s. 8d."

marked off with a most ornate band, and the two traceried windows which occupy each of them are enclosed between richly crocketed pinnacles. The belfry storey is elaborately panelled, and the whole is crowned by a very light, pierced battlement, with open-work turrets, having crocketed spires at the angles. The buttresses are not solid, but clustered, and they terminate in pinnacles just below the battlement, each stage being also similarly adorned. Although there are traces of Norman work in the chancel, and some of the Early English arches remain, the church is Perpendicular in character, and is remarkable for the unusual arrangement of double aisles on each side of the nave.



WINTON ZOTLAND.

ANCIENT TOMB.

The clerestory windows are divided by elaborately carved niches; the roof is of black oak, richly decorated. The effect of this magnificent and handsome building is heightened by the colouring of the interior, effected at its restoration in 1845. The church of St. James has a fine tower, which would attract more attention if it were not so near to the overshadowing glory of St. Mary's.

HAROLD LEWIS.

SELBORNE AND EVERSLEY.

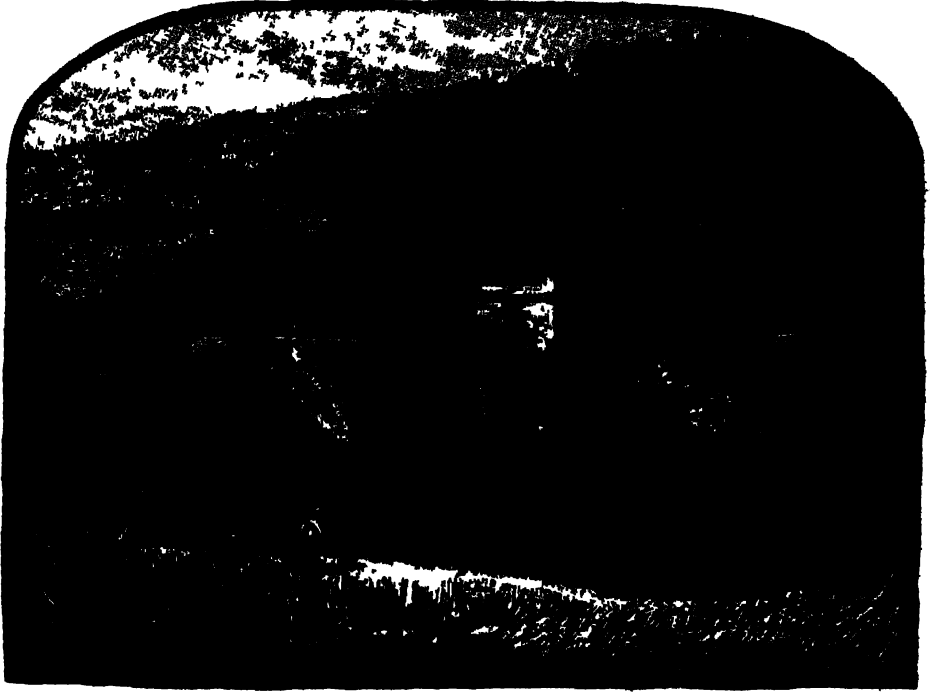
TWO LOVERS OF NATURE.



BETWEEN the two lines of railway which diverge at Guildford, the one to touch Winchester, by way of the Hampshire hop-gardens, the other traversing the route to Portsmouth, *via* Petersfield, lies a typical tract of rural England. Uncontaminated as yet by railways, the villages and hamlets of this portion of East Hampshire retain a simplicity which is becoming rarer every year in our country districts. No better type of the poet's "Sweet Auburn" could be found than Selborne, which is described in topographical language as "a village and parish, pleasantly situated in a sheltered vale, four and a half miles south-east-by-east from Alton, five north from Liss Railway Station, and fifty-two from London, in the northern division of the county, upper half-hundred of Selborne, Alton union, petty sessional division, and County Court district, and in the diocese and archdeaconry of Winchester, and rural deanery of Alton, western division." From the finely wooded hill overlooking this valley the habitations of the community are outspread in charming panorama, and conspicuous amongst them rises the parish church.

Selborne Church, as the illustration on the opposite page will suggest, has no special architectural distinction. There are hundreds of churches of equal unpretentiousness scattered over the land. It, however, receives eminence from the fact that it is inseparably connected with the memory of Gilbert White, the naturalist. The house in which he lived is here, and also the famous Hanger beech-wood, in which he rambled and recorded the observations that have an abiding place in our literature. The homely church, which is dedicated to St. Mary, is an ancient building, partly Early English and partly Norman, the nave belonging to the latter and the aisles to the former. The squat, square tower is thoroughly characteristic, in a humble degree, of the heavy style so common in this part of the country. The walls are of rubble, nicely pointed without and wholesomely washed within. The two aisles are divided from the nave by plain circular columns and arches. The parish register dates from 1560, but a priory of Black Canons was founded here in 1233 by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, and in the Domesday survey Selborne figures as a royal demesne. There is an old document of inquisitions held here, dated the Friday after St. Valentine's Day, 1274-5, indicating that the Prior of Selborne was entitled by Charter of Henry III. to "gallows assize of bread, beer,

view of frank-pledge," etc. The establishment grew apace into one of the disorderly set that was righteously suppressed, and, this fate overtaking it, the priory became part of the endowment of Magdalen College. The Priory Farm



SELBORNE THE CHURCH AND VICARAGE

in the Bourne Valley is supposed to this day to mark the site of the sanctuary in which the Black Canons fattened and rioted.

History, however, has nothing of consequence to say about Selborne, or its church of St. Mary, until it became immortalised by association with the simple lover of Nature who dwelt in its calm retreat and silent shade. The White family, as the tablets on the walls of the church show, were natives of the soil. Gilbert White's grandfather was vicar of Selborne, and the naturalist himself, whose father was a barrister, was, on the 18th of July, 1720, born at the house ("The Wakes") to which modern pilgrimages are often made. A brilliant career might not improbably have been open to the man who, at the age of twenty-four, became Fellow of Oriel, and was appointed one of the Preceptors of his university in 1752; but his tastes lay in another direction, and Gilbert White preferred to return to the groves and lanes of his native village, and after upon those quiet studies of animate creation which only ended with his death in June, 1793. We know very little of his clerical ministrations amongst the Selborne

parishioners, and, indeed, little of his life other than may be inferred from his writings. He lived and worked amongst the country folk, pursuing the even tenor of his way, far removed from the eye of the world; and we have his own assurance in the "advertisement" to the first edition of his book that his out-of-door studies, "by keeping the body and mind employed, have, under Providence, contributed to much health and cheerfulness of spirits, even to old age."

Within comparatively recent times new facts pertaining to the life of this worthy have been brought to light. The last letter in the original edition of the "Natural History of Selborne" was dated June, 1787; the "Observations on Various Parts of Nature, from Mr. White's MSS.," extend to 1792; and the "Naturalist's Calendar, with observations in various branches of Natural History, extracted from the Papers of the Rev. Gilbert White," covers the period between 1768 and the year of his death. But in the "Transactions of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society" (1876) there appeared a series of ten additional letters from Gilbert White to Robert Marsham, a Norfolk gentleman who devoted his leisure to the study of arboriculture, and whose great-grandson (the Rev. H. P. Marsham) discovered them amongst the family records and presented them to the Society.

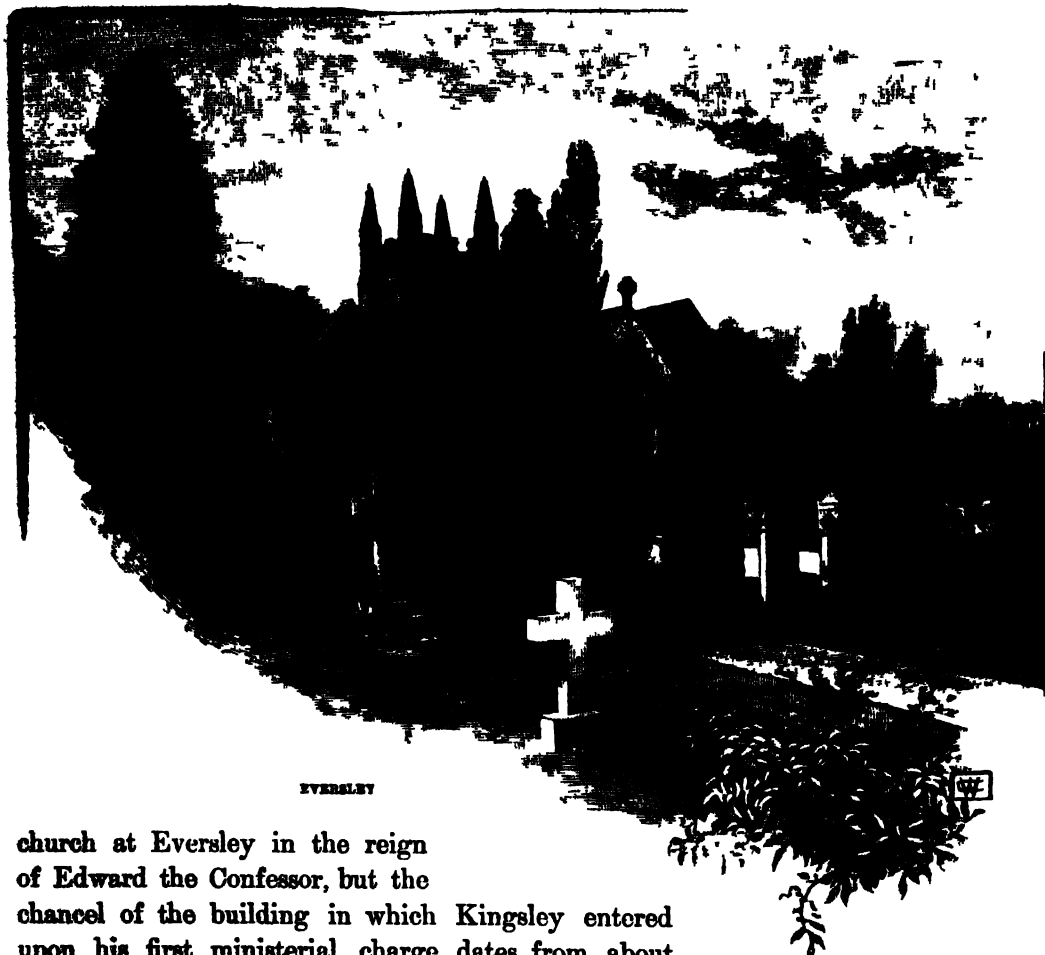
To Selborne Church there is scarcely an allusion in Gilbert White's writings. He begins his first letter to "Thomas Pennant, Esq.," with the sober intention of acquitting himself at the outset, and once for all, of the topography of his district—specifies its latitude, enumerates its parishes, but soon turns aside to the soil, the woodlands, the streams. Thenceforth, in his communications to Pennant and the Hon. Daines Barrington, we are introduced to all feathered, furred, and creeping things, and, incidentally, to the farmers, gamekeepers, and peasantry; but we have no peep at or inside the church of which he was twice curate. The building has been twice restored since his death—in 1877 at a cost of £1,000, and in 1883 at a cost of £2,400. The last-named restoration applied principally to the south aisle, and to the east and most of the south wall. Where rebuilding was necessary the old order was exactly reproduced; and for the most part the surface of the stonework was left untouched. The restoration was carried out under the direction of Mr. W. White, F.S.A., grand-nephew of the naturalist.

Over the arches in the south aisle a quantity of worm-eaten ornamental woodwork, centuries old, has been fixed as a memento of the past. In this aisle a marble tablet has been erected to Professor Bell, who was Secretary and Vice-President of the Royal Society and President of the Linnean Society. He lived at "The Wakes," cherishing with loving regard every relic of its former owner, whom he deeply admired, and died in 1880. At the chancel end of the aisle a remarkable collection of ancient stonework, including two coffins discovered during the restoration of the church, is arranged in an enclosure on the floor. Near

the communion-table Gilbert White's tablet will be found, stating that in the fifth grave from that wall are buried the remains of the Rev. Gilbert White, M.A., fifty years Fellow of Oriel College in Oxford, and historian of this his native parish. The inscription thus concludes: "He was kind and beneficent to his relations, benevolent to the poor, and deservedly respected by all his friends and neighbours." This tablet was originally placed on the outer wall, and was removed into the chancel many years ago. The altar-piece, supposed by some to be by Albert Dürer, but probably by Mabuse, representing the offerings of the Wise Men from the East to the infant Saviour, was presented to the church by Gilbert's brother Benjamin, a well-known London publisher of works on natural history a century ago, and the successor, on the death of the bachelor author, to the Selborne property.

In Selborne churchyard there stands a small weather-worn headstone, inscribed with the now almost obliterated initials "G. W.," and with the chiselled date of Gilbert White's death, and this (with the tablet in the church) informs the wayfarer of his place of rest. Very near this grassy mound is the tomb, enclosed by handsome iron railings, of Professor Bell; but it is strange that nothing has been done to distinguish the grave of Gilbert White from those of the ordinary parishioners. Whatever change there may be in the restored church, and in the residence on the other side of the small village green, there is little in the outer surroundings. In the churchyard there still sturdily stands the magnificent yew which in the spring, as Gilbert White tells us, shed clouds of dust, and filled the atmosphere around with its farina. The bustard, the honey-buzzard, and the raven are seen no more; but the owls hoot, and the rooks, which afforded him so much entertainment, caw and quarrel as in the days when the naturalist parson walked in the lanes, meadows, and woods of the peaceful Hampshire village.

Almost due north as the crow flies, and within a distance of twenty miles of Selborne, is another Hampshire church, in which another naturalist, different, however, in all respects from serenely simple Gilbert White, passed the best years of his clerical life. Eversley Church and rectory are sacred, wherever the English language is spoken, through their association with Charles Kingsley. In this respect the village churches of Selborne and Eversley resemble one another. Both, also, are dedicated to St. Mary. Local histories and guide-books, with unquestionable truth, dismiss Eversley Church with the remark that it contains no feature of architectural interest. It is a brick edifice of no particular character, and the ruddy tiles of the high-pitched roof have a singularly uneccelesiastical appearance. The nave and the aisle are of equal proportions, and they are divided by square whitewashed pillars with substantial arches between. There was undoubtedly a



EVERSLEY

church at Eversley in the reign of Edward the Confessor, but the chancel of the building in which Kingsley entered upon his first ministerial charge dates from about the time of Henry VII. There are a few old monuments in the church, which consists of north and south chancel, nave, and aisle. The battlemented tower, square, and quaintly pinnacled at each corner, is always a pretty object above the foliage, which is plentiful in its immediate neighbourhood. The brickwork of the front of the church, and of the tower, is being rapidly hidden either by ivy or by roses, jasmine, and other ornamental creepers, which, with the abounding greenery of the churchyard, give a delightful rustic tone to the place. Eversley Church was restored in 1876, at a cost of £1,200, as a memorial to Canon Kingsley. The churchyard is entered through a picturesque lych-gate, and the short approach is by an avenue of cypresses. In a corner of this crowded and sequestered God's-acre a white marble cross, with the inscription "Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus," has been placed over the grave of Charles Kingsley. The name and date of death (January 23, 1875) are carved upon the

pedestal, and around the head of the cross are the words, "God is love." The grave is close to the boundary wall, and is overshadowed by one of the outlying branches of a venerable Scotch fir in the rectory grounds, which are separated from the churchyard by a low iron railing. On the wall of a modest baptistery inside the church a brass plate bears the following inscription:—

IN PIAM MEMORIAM CAROLI KINGSLEY
S PETRI WESTMONASTERIENSIS CANONICI
HVIVSCE ECCLESIAE PER XXXI ANNOS
RECTORIS DILECTISSIMI



CHARLES KINGSLEY

The parish of Eversley, known in latter days as the home of Kingsley, and as the centre of a tract of breezy heath-land, where the gorse is golden in summer, and the dark firs are fragrant all the year round, was, in

ancient times, a manor granted to the monks of Westminster, and by them held for generations; and the original charter of Edward the Confessor proves that there was an Eversley Church even at that period. When Kingsley became pastor, in 1842, of this sparsely inhabited wild, it was in a deplorable condition. The services of the church had been for many years utterly neglected, and the young curate had at first to work upon the most unpromising material. He found sheep feeding at large in the churchyard; and Holy Communion was celebrated only three times a year. The husbandman to bring this rough ground into tillage now, however, appeared on the scene. Kingsley was born in 1819, under the open brow of Dartmoor. As a lad he revelled in the scenery of the Fens, and afterwards, at fair Clovelly, imbibed the impressions turned to such telling account in "Westward Ho!" At the age of twenty-three he settled down at Eversley under the



KINGSLEY'S GRAVE.

depressing circumstances above narrated. He faced all the difficulties with manly resolution, and, by the time he received his appointment as rector, a healthy system of progress had been established. Amidst all the occupations of a busy life he remained, as he began, a model hard-working parish priest, faithful to his village church, with its prosaic red tower and corner turrets. Amongst the hard-riding farmers and plodding peasants he became all things to all men. As a paragraph in the "Memories," edited by his widow, puts it, he could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the haymakers in the pasture; and he knew every fox-earth on the moor, the reedy hover of the pike, and the still hole where the chub lay.

The comparison already suggested between the parson of Selborne and the rector of Eversley is again forced upon us when we consider the conditions under which Charles Kingsley lived. Not only are Eversley Church and rectory, like the church and residence of Selborne, sacred (though in different degrees) wherever the English language is spoken, through association with the name of one of their clergymen, but there are general points of resemblance between Charles Kingsley and Gilbert White. Both were keen naturalists; both clung to the obscure, and, to any but themselves, dull and uninteresting districts in which their ministerial careers began, both lived the lives of true-hearted English gentlemen; both, by their own choice, were buried in the village churchyards in which, many a time, they had read the impressive burial service of their Church at the grave-sides of members of their flocks. Yet what greater contrast, in this world of contrasts, can be conceived than that between the two men? Gilbert White shyly shrank from public life, and sauntered in the shade of a narrow sphere, well content to be left alone to observe how Nature performed her magic work. The other was impelled outwards by the restless prompting of genius, warred gallantly, pushing to the forefront in the battle of minds; cried aloud in wildernesses; achieved ultimate fame as poet, novelist, preacher, in the noisy world, and all too soon went home to his beloved Eversley to leave it no more.

Eversley had much to do in the moulding of Kingsley's character. Whether he, too, would have been the contemplative rather than the sportsman naturalist, had he lived in the days of Gilbert White, who shall decide? His lot was cast in an advanced age, when a thousand attractive paths were open to the daring and adventurous, and for a time he debated within himself whether he had not better leave Cambridge and go out to the Far West and become a prairie hunter. Eventually he chose the better part in Eversley Church and parish, and evermore through life suppressed, without destroying, that inherited love of sporting, fighting, and adventure which betrayed itself in his poems, works of fiction, and prose idylls, and which, in the time of his severest mental strain,

gave him as healthful safety-valves the green fields, the clear trout-streams, and the gallop through the winter fir-woods.

In his connection with Eversley we are brought more directly face to face with his leanings towards country pursuits than if our starting-point were the cloisters of Chester and Westminster, to which, in his mature years, the preacher of village sermons was attached. The study in Eversley rectory, in which Kingsley wrote nearly the whole of his works, contained, besides books, papers, and pictures, store of well-used fly-rods, landing nets, hunting whips, spurs, and pipes; and but for these our bookshelves might never have been enriched with the works bearing his name.

Eversley rectory was not a luxurious, large, or healthy abode; but it is clear that what the beeches of the Hanger at Selborne were to Gilbert White, the pine plantations around Eversley were to Kingsley. A letter written by him during the early days of his curacy records, in a graphic pen-and-ink sketch, his future home—the ground sloping upward from the windows to a sunk fence; the furze hills beyond, perfectly beautiful in light, shade, and colour; the first glimpse of the fir forests and moors (of which five-sixths of his parish consisted) behind the acacia on the lawn; and the large, low front room, with light paper and drab curtains, and a large bow window, at which he then sat. The scenery he appraised in the words, “rich, but not exciting;” and even this qualified praise was inspired rather by the bright hopefulness of youth than by matter-of-fact criticism.

The study door at Eversley opened upon the lawn, which was one of old-fashioned arrangement, with abundance of shrubbery around, but not large enough for flower-beds. Beyond the sandy track outside the fence, the gentle upland, purple in August with the heather, kept the prospect breezily open; and for more picturesque views there was always Bramshill Park, with the very tree near which his ancestor, Archbishop Abbot, shot at a deer and killed the keeper. Windsor and Bagshot Heath were farther afield, but the small trout-streams, the Blackwater and Whitewater, were close at hand, with the limpid Test and Itchen, in the same county. Kingsley's last sermon was preached, not in Eversley Church, but in Westminster Abbey, in November, 1874. He was then Canon in residence. Enfeebled in health by chills contracted during his American tour, and returning to Eversley, he lived to thank God for the gleam of sun and frost upon the window-pane on New Year's eve, and died on the 23rd of January, at the age of fifty-five. “The Abbey is open to the Canon and the poet,” Dean Stanley telegraphed that day to the house of death down in the Hampshire pine country; but Kingsley himself had said, “Eversley is the home to which I was ordained, where I came when I was married, and which I intend shall be my last home.” And so it befell.

W. SUTTON.

BOW CHURCH, ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY; ST. MARTIN'S- IN-THE-FIELD'S; ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

SPECIMENS OF RENAISSANCE IN LONDON

OWING to the destructive conflagration in the city of London in the year 1666, and the rapid growth of the metropolis, the majority of its churches are of comparatively modern date; hence, in all but the newest parts, examples of classic are more frequent than specimens of mediæval architecture. Thus some of the former must find a place in every book which deals with our parish churches representatively. The strong, and in some cases unthinking, reaction in favour of Gothic architecture during the last half-century has caused these churches to be treated with undue neglect—to be as much undervalued by ourselves as they were overvalued by our great-grandfathers. For the present article we will select four churches, all in London, each possessing special merits, and each an example of a very different kind of work.

We first take Bow Church in Cheapside, not because it has been to the cockney his middle point of earth, as much as was Delphi to the Greek, but because its steeple is reckoned by competent judges as one of Wren's very best works; Fergusson even pronouncing it as "beyond all doubt the most elegant building of its class erected since the Reformation." The same authority thus briefly and accurately describes its plan:—"Like all Wren's steeples, that of Bow Church stands well on the ground, for he never was guilty of the absurdity of placing his spires astride on the portico, or thrusting them through the roof. It consists first of a plain square tower 32 feet 6 inches wide by 83 in height, above which are four storeys averaging 38 feet each: the first, a square belfry, adorned with Ionic pilasters, is 39 feet; the next, which includes the beautiful circular peristyle of twelve Corinthian columns, is 37; the third comprehends the small lantern, and is 38 feet high, which is also the height of the spire, the whole making up a height of 235 feet." *

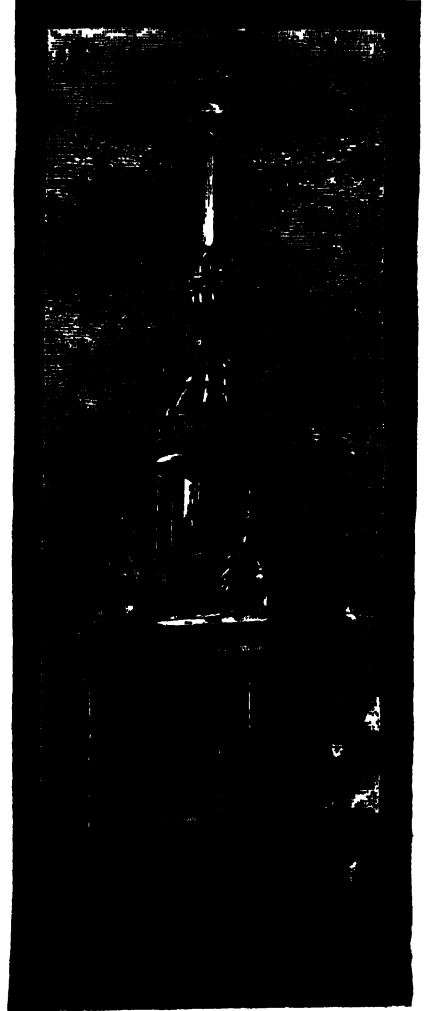
A church has occupied this site from a very early time, and Wren's building rests in part on the massive vaulted Norman crypt, which escaped both the fire and the rebuilding, although it suffered considerably from the latter. The ancient vaulting has been removed from the centre part (it consists of a nave and aisles), pieces of masonry have been introduced, concealing much of the old work, and the south aisle, containing coffins, is now walled up; but three fine columns of early Norman can still be well seen. From this crypt the church, which was dedicated to St. Mary, acquired the name of *Santa Maria de Arcubus*, translated into

* Wren, as is proved by a model and an old engraving in the vestry (a fine room panelled with dark oak), intended to have a lofty loggia or building of two bays on each side of the tower, which would have greatly enhanced its effect. Beneath the tower, 18 feet below the street level, is a Roman pavement.

St. Mary-le-Bow, and abbreviated ultimately into the familiar Bow Church. This same crypt—little as we suspect its existence as we pass along busy, modern-looking Cheapside—has indirectly made an important mark in the history of the law in England; for in the vestry met an ecclesiastical court, called therefrom the Court of Arches, its judge being entitled the Dean of Arches. Pepys thus records a visit to the original church: "To Bow Church, to the Court of Arches, where a Judge sits and his Proctors about him in their habits, and their pleadings all in Latin." The court, as everyone knows, has long migrated from Bow Church, where, however, the ceremony of the confirmation of the bishops of the Province of Canterbury still takes place.

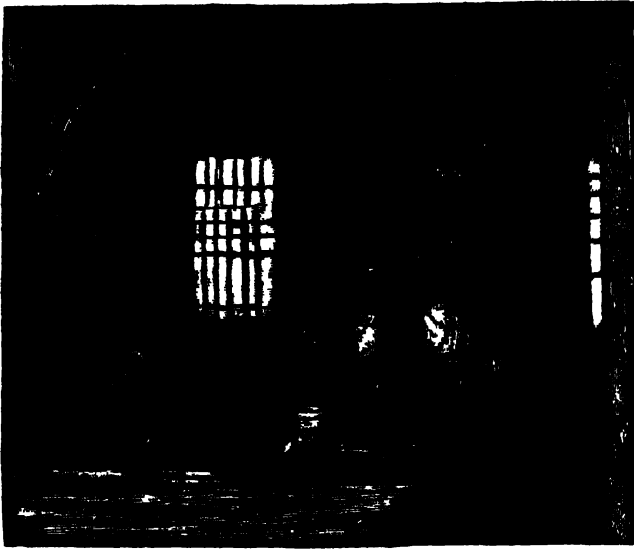
Wren was less happy in the design of the church itself, the same authority which we have quoted in praise of the steeple condemning the body as "an ill-designed barn outside, . . . paltry and overloaded to the last degree inside." The latter part of this censure is, we think, a little too severe. The decoration is open to criticism. There are too many windows in the east and west ends, and the effect of the "dormers" in the barrel roof of the nave is unsatisfactory; but the architect evidently had to contend from the first with difficulties in the lighting. The galleries were removed in 1867, and many other improvements made; but in the upper part of the church there is nothing calling for special notice except, perhaps, the monument to Bishop Newton, an editor of Milton, and author of "Dissertations on the Prophecies," who was formerly rector.

The old church witnessed more than one scene of violence. Guilds and corporations often misused their powers in olden days—as some assert they are apt to do even in modern times. But formerly rougher means of resistance than the law courts became almost inevitable. Among the leaders of the opposition in the last part of the twelfth century one of the most noted was William



BOW CHURCH: THE TOWER.

Fitzosbert, commonly called William of the Longbeard. An order was issued for his arrest; he "seized an axe and felled the first soldier who advanced to seize him, and taking refuge with a few adherents in the tower of St. Mary-le-Bow, summoned his adherents to rise.



ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY THE VESTRY

[Archbishop] Hubert, however, who had already flooded the city with troops, with bold contempt of the right of sanctuary set fire to the tower and forced William to surrender. A burgher's son, whose father he had slain, stabbed him as he came forth." Again in the year 1284 the right of sanctuary was violated, when one Lawrence Duckett was slain, who had taken refuge here after wounding a man. But on this occasion the offenders were severely

punished, sixteen of them being hanged, and the church was placed under an interdict till it had been duly purified.

A balcony overlooking Cheapside is a memorial—in a certain sense a "survival," like an aborted organ in the body—of a stone building which once greatly darkened the church. This was built by Edward III. "for himself, the Queen, and other estates to stand in, there to behold the joustings and other shows at their pleasure." From this balcony, in the year 1702, Queen Anne witnessed the last pageant exhibited by a Lord Mayor.

Bow bells must not be forgotten. The present peal, ten in number, was cast in 1762, replacing those celebrated by Pope in the familiar line—"Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound." Those in the old church, as everyone knows, could be heard at Highgate; for did they not ring out to the runaway lad, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London"? From the steeple, which is not improved by a projecting clock-dial, sounded nightly the curfew for the City. This, in the year 1469, was ordered by the Common Council to be rung at nine o'clock. On the steeple is a dragon; and a very important dragon it was, for, as Swift tells us, it was predicted of old that "when the dragon on Bow Church kisses the cock behind the Exchange, great changes will take place in England." This has been accomplished, as recorded by B. R. Haydon. In the year 1832

both these ornaments were taken down by the same man to be repaired, and were placed side by side in his yard: shortly after which the Reform Bill was passed!

St. James's, Piccadilly, is another of Wren's churches. Here also the exterior, built of brick with stone quoins, is plain to the verge of ugliness, and there is not even a redeeming feature in its steeple. If we would appreciate the architect's power we must enter the building. To the enthusiast for Gothic it will be wholly an offence. Not only are there galleries, but the architect has deliberately made them a feature in his design. They are supported by square piers, from which rise circular columns with Corinthian capitals. Each of these carries an entablature transverse to the axis of the church, on which rest both the barrel vault of the nave and the similar vaultings which cover each bay of the aisles. This roof has justly been termed the chief merit of the building, "first as a piece of carpentry, but more as an appropriate mode of getting height and light in a pleasing variety of form." Wren has left on record his own opinion of his church. He states that a church cannot be built with pews and galleries to hold more than 2,000 persons so that all can hear and see. This he claims to have accomplished in St. James's, which, he thinks, "may be found beautiful and convenient, and, as such, the cheapest form of any that I could invent."

The church was built in 1684, but some changes in detail have since been made, the last a few years since, when the arrangements were somewhat modified in accordance with modern ideas of ritual propriety. Grinling Gibbons designed the font, the pedestal of which is adorned by the Tree of Knowledge, with the serpent tempting our first parents. There is also some very fine wood-carving from his chisel at the east end. The restoration of this part is especially happy. The organ, which had been ordered by James II. for his private chapel at Whitehall, was given to this church by his daughter, Queen Mary. The "most noble" communion plate, noticed by Evelyn, was presented by Sir R. Geare.

The rectors of St. James's have been men of exceptional eminence—of the fourteen since 1685, when Thomas Tenison was appointed to the new church, three have closed their careers at Lambeth, three others have been bishops, two have obtained deaneries, and one of these refused a bishopric. Another rector there was, hardly less eminent, but of less unimpeachable orthodoxy: this was Dr. Samuel Clarke, scholar, theologian, and natural philosopher. In the vestry are portraits of the rectors, a series extremely interesting as a study of facial types, but, as a rule, not of high merit as works of art. Monumental tablets are thick upon the walls and piers. Among the noted personages buried within the church or in the churchyard, are sundry artists—Huysman, Michael Dahl, the two Vanderveldes, and James Gillray. Charles Cotton, Mark Akenside, Dr. Arbuthnot,

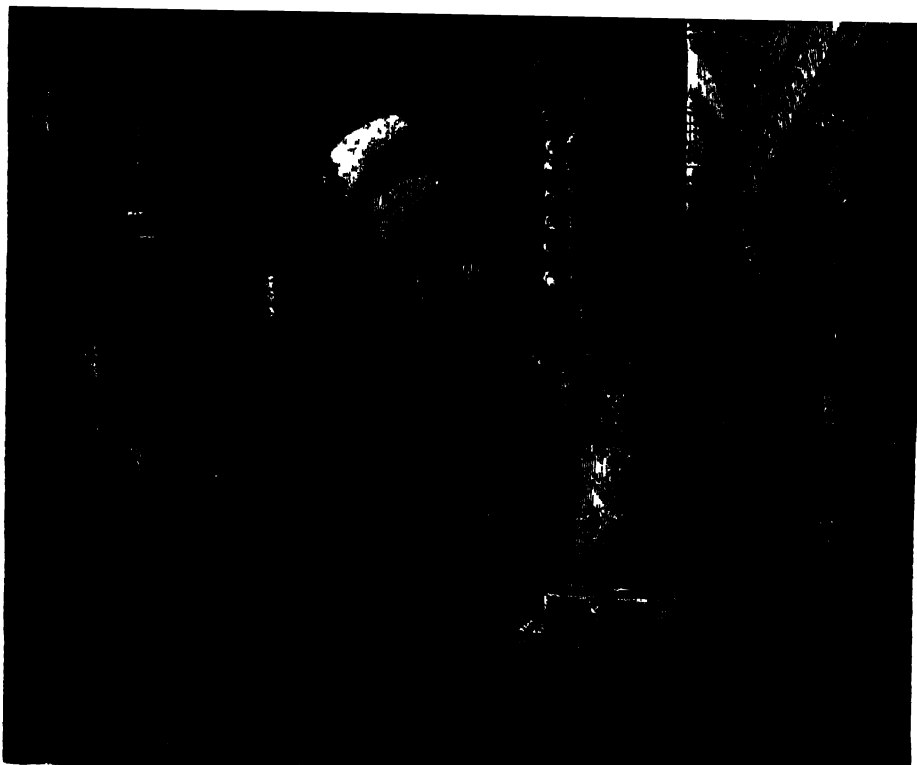
and Dr. Sydenham represent "literature and science;" John Malcolm, military diplomatists; Sir Tom d'Urfey, the court of Charles II.; and among those distinguished for rank, we may mention the Duke of Queensbury, familiarly known as "Old Q."



ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY.

St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is yet another of Wren's remarkable works, the design being in many respects unique. He has availed himself of a plan of construction which, though common among Eastern architects, has found little favour with their Western brethren. The ground plan is a rectangle, the sides being roughly in the proportion of nine to seven. But the distinctive feature of the design

is the relatively large dome which is placed near one end of the building; it rests on an octagonal base, supported by as many pillars. There is, however, no drum, for it rises directly from the roof. Internally, the effect is extremely good; a cruciform plan is just indicated by giving a barrel vault to the inter-



ST. STEPHEN'S, WALTHAM (BEFORE THE LAST RESTORATION).

columnar sections which cross in the centre of the dome; while the isolation of parts which sometimes results from the ordinary cross shape is entirely avoided. Critics unite in praise of St. Stephen's as a whole, though exception is taken, and sometimes justly, to certain points of detail. The most objectionable features are the oval windows in the sides; the tower also, which is at the western end, is poor, and Fergusson complains that, as is often the case with Wren's work, the decorative part is not quite satisfactory. "There is too much of the feeling of Grinling Gibbons' wood-carving carried into what should be constructive ornament." Still, as a whole, we have "the most pleasing interior of any Renaissance church which has yet been erected." It is not impossible that Wren would have defended the poverty of the exterior, both here and at Bow Church,

by remarking that he knew that in neither could it be seen. At St. Stephen's the tower is flanked with houses: the Mansion House darkens a great part of it on the north, it is blocked up on the south, and almost so on the east. The site, unless in Wren's day things were very different, was one where the light must principally come from above. This his design has admirably accomplished, and if a play of words may be permitted, he has indeed "built according to his lights." There is some good woodwork in the church, though it will not delight the modern mediævalist, and a large picture by Benjamin West hangs on the north wall. In a family vault is buried the architect Sir John Vanbrugh, builder of Blenheim, Castle Howard, and many other huge structures, but the well-known epitaph is *not* to be found on his monument—

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee!"

The church has recently been thoroughly and very judiciously restored. In the name, St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is commemorated the "brook by the wall," a feature of old London for which it is needless now to search. To St. Stephen's is now united another parish, rejoicing in the appellation of St. Benet Sherehog.

The last church on our list is not the work of Wren, though it is worthy of that great master. This is St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, built between 1721 and 1726 by James Gibbs. The most striking feature is the noble portico of Corinthian columns, which is justly regarded as the finest example of the kind in London, and "as perfect a reproduction of that classic feature as can well be made." But its effect is greatly marred by the proximity of the steeple. This, however much its outlines may be modified, is always an incongruous feature in a strictly classical design—the offspring of a different school of thought. Here the effect is particularly bad, for it seems to sit astride the portico. The interior to some extent recalls Wren's design at St. James's, Piccadilly, but whereas in this case there are entablatures dividing the bays of the aisles and the coved roofs above, in St. Martin's the former are replaced by arches, the latter by shallow domes. The church of course has galleries, but here the architect has been less bold and less successful than Wren. Instead of making the gallery a structural feature inside, as he has practically done outside, and supporting it, as described, by piers, he has given the Corinthian columns on which the roof rests, pedestals high enough to allow the whole of their bases to be visible above the tops of the seats on the floor. This at once suggests an idea of disproportion. Besides this, each column is necessarily intersected by the galleries, and though it is exposed as far as possible by making their front into compartments, its beauty is spoiled. Lastly, in order to escape the alternative of an over-tall shaft or an over-low roof, an entablature-block is introduced over each column, from

which the arch springs. This expedient, obviously a makeshift, produces, whenever adopted, an effect which is simply detestable.

The name of the church still tells of "green fields," and recalls its early history, but it is now close to some of the most crowded districts in London,



THE OLD CHURCH OF ST MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS.

though during the present century the fine open space of Trafalgar Square, which allows so good a view of the portico, has replaced the "rookery" of mean houses designated "The Bermudas," which once rose almost under the shadow of its steeple. When first a church was built on this site, early in the sixteenth century, London was quite distinct from Westminster; and then, and for a full century after, St. Martin's Lane was bordered by hedges and shaded by trees.

In the vaults of St. Martin's or in the graveyard many noteworthy personages have been interred. Here were laid two eminent criminals—Jack Sheppard and Anne Turner, the latter executed in her yellow starched ruffs, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. With these we may reckon Lord Mohun, killed in the duel which ended in the Duke of Hamilton's murder. The name of Sir Edmund Berry (or Edmondsbury) Godfrey recalls the dark epochs of Titus

Oates and the so-called Popish Plot. Nell Gwynne—"poor Nelly"—is buried here. The ringers should have a kindly thought for her, for she left some money for them, and a severer critic than they, Bishop Tenison, preached a funeral sermon for the frail but good-hearted woman. Winston Churchill lies here, father of the



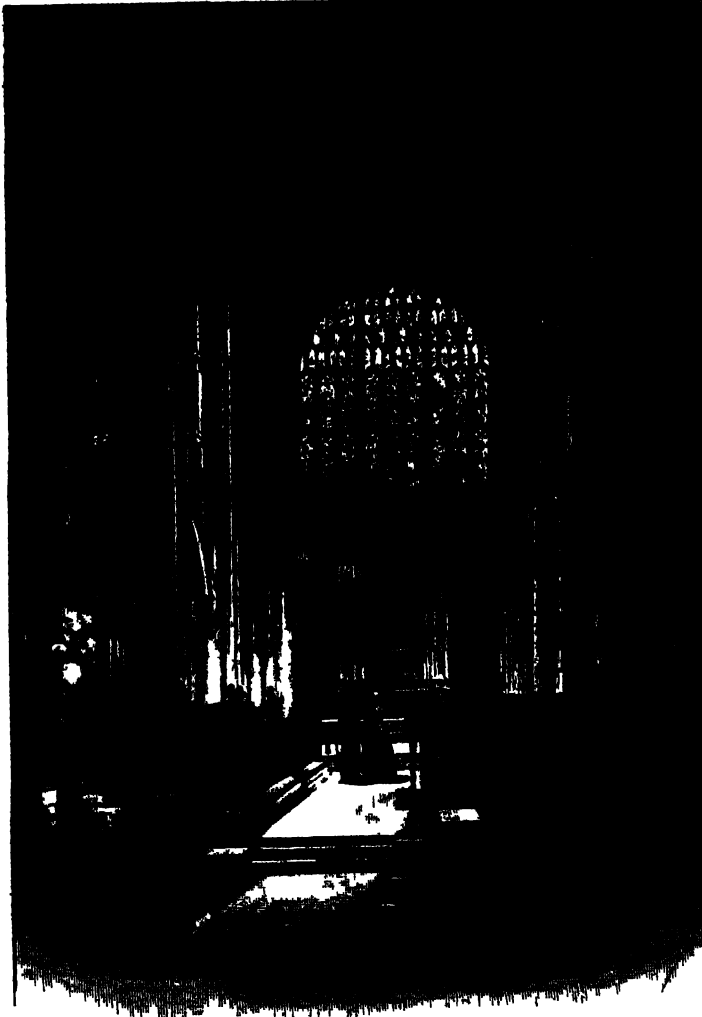
ST MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Great Duke of Marlborough; poets and actors, painters and sculptors, also rest here—most of them of second rather than of first rank, except the great Roubiliac. For many years the body of John Hunter, the famous surgeon, lay in the vaults of St Martin's. After a persevering search the coffin was found by Frank Buckland, and was transferred to a more honourable resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

T. G. BONNEY

SHERBORNE AND DORCHESTER.

TWO FORSAKEN BISHOPRICS.



SHERBORNE: THE CHOIR.

THE lines of the black-robed Benedictines who, for exactly four hundred years, sang their masses in the noble abbey of Sherborne, were indeed cast in pleasant places. The little town, once the seat of a powerful bishop-stool which comprehended the greater part of Wessex, and thereafter the home of a rich and

flourishing abbey, lies retired and silent now among gardens and orchards, backed by lovely wooded hills; yet still the great monastic church dominates the place as it did seven centuries ago, and still the tenor bell given by Wolsey rings out the hours high above the red-tiled roofs. The first view of Sherborne is delightful. The narrow, winding, ruggedly paved streets are lined by ancient houses of grey stone, solid, comfortable, and picturesque. A stone-built town always gives this impression of solidity. At the foot of the principal street, which, as in so many old towns, is built on the slope of a hill, stands a squat, heavily buttressed conduit, formerly part of the monastic buildings, and looking for all the world at a first glance like one of the market crosses that are so plentiful in the west. There is an air of prosperity about Sherborne which is no doubt justified by circumstances; for it lies in a rich, productive country, brisk and bracing, yet so sheltered from extreme rigour that in monastic days its hill-sides were clothed with vines. Eight hundred years ago Sherborne fell from its high estate as the metropolis of a powerful bishopric, for more than three hundred, no monk has entered the choir of its abbey.

It is only from the south that a clear view of the minster can be obtained, since, upon the other sides, it is very much built around. The effect is exceedingly massive, but not heavy. This impression of massiveness is largely produced by the low central tower, which rests on thick Norman piers. The church is really Perpendicular; but it contains some good Norman and Decorated work. Standing at the end of the nave, the visitor receives the same impression of massiveness which is so striking outside, corrected, however, by the exceeding loftiness of the roof, and the effective uniformity of the whole. No church of such antiquity was ever in better preservation. Within the present generation the building has been renovated—not “restored”—from end to end, and every corner is rich, reverend, and seemly. The pillars of the nave bear a very unusual ornamentation, in the shape of trefoil-headed panels, which follow the bend of the arches, where, in the centre, they meet and are finished off by shields of arms. Other shields bear the rebus of Abbot Peter de Rampisham, who commenced the rebuilding of the nave in 1475, and finished it in 1490. There is quite a feast of early heraldry in Sherborne Minster. Upon the bosses of the nave roof are many badges, devices, and ciphers; among them the H and E, connected by a true-lovers’ knot, of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York; St. Michael and the Dragon; and the “Pelican in her piety,” to use the picturesque expression employed in heraldry to describe a pelican feeding her young. It is to the fine vaulted roof of its nave that Sherborne Abbey owes much of its beauty. It adds height to the entire church, and bestows grace and lightness where they were most needed.

The choir of Sherborne Abbey is very fine and interesting. So large a sum—£18,000—was spent upon its restoration by the late Earl Digby that it was

inevitable it should bear traces of sweeping and garnishing. It leaves the impression of being a little too "smart;" but no violence appears to have been done to the ancient features. The beautiful roof is famous for its grace and elegance, and for the wealth of its enrichments. It is a groined roof with cinquefoil panels; and the bosses and badges have been coloured, and the compartments picked out with gold and brown. The fan-vaulting is sown about with lilies, the emblem of St. Mary, to whom the church is dedicated. Some portions of the walls still bear obvious marks of the fire which destroyed a great part of the church in 1436. The miserere-carvings are among the most interesting things in the building. The work is rude, no doubt, but it is bold and effective, difficult conceptions, such as the fantastic figure of Christ upon a Rainbow, being graphically executed with a few vigorous lines. There are some grotesque heads, and an ascetic-looking face, reputed to be a portrait of one of the abbots. One of the misereres is carved with foliage, very freely and delicately. But the most curious of these carvings is one wherein a schoolmaster or mistress is administering the *dorsæ disciplina* to a scholar whose facial contortions are exceedingly expressive. In the Chartres "Book of Hours"—"Les Petites Heures à l'Usage de Chartres"—printed in 1526, there is a very similar illustration.

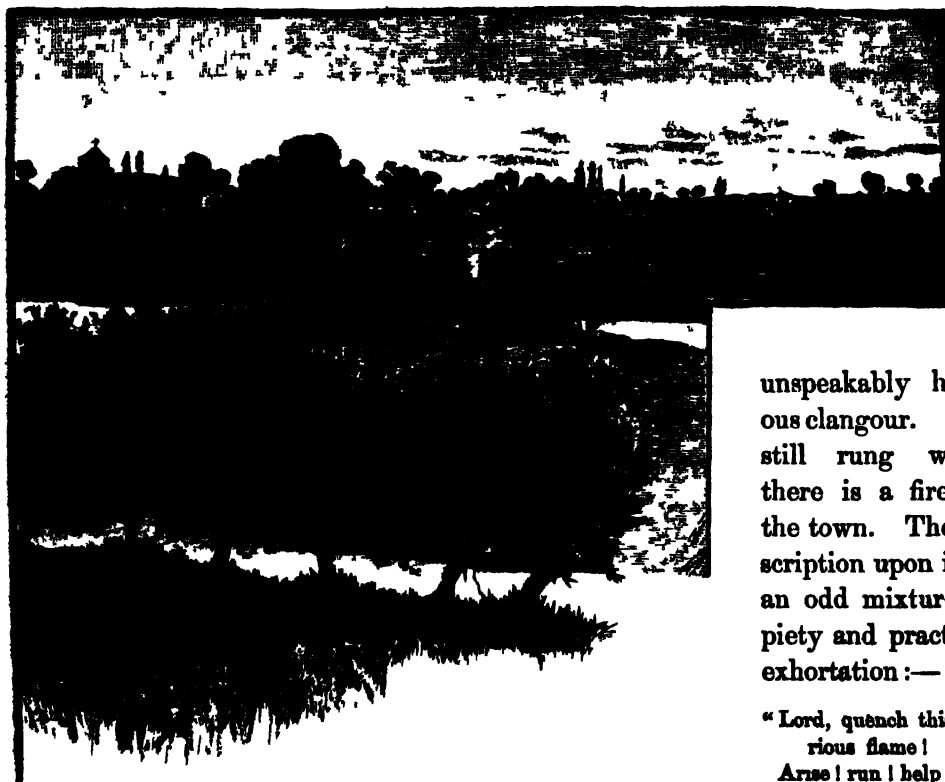
By far the finest piece of painted glass in the church is the "Te Deum" window, so called from its subject, in the south transept. It was designed by Mr A. W. Pugin, and its harmony and limpidity of colour have rarely been equalled in modern work. When the setting sun falls upon it the effect is such as you rarely see. Beneath this window is a tablet commemorating Robert and Mary Digby, children of William, Lord Digby, who died, the one in 1726, the other three years later. The greater part of the slab is filled by an epitaph written by Pope, who sometimes visited Lord Digby. It differs curiously from the versions of it printed in Pope's works; but the merit of all the versions is singularly small. In the beautiful vaulted ambulatory behind the choir are reported to have been buried two famous Kings of Wessex; and a small brass of recent fixing thus records the tradition, which, be it said, is well founded: "Near this spot were interred the mortal remains of Ethelbald, and Ethelbert his brother, each of whom in his turn succeeded to the throne of Ethelwulf their father, King of the West Saxons, and were succeeded in the kingdom by their next brother, Alfred the Great."

From the roof of the central tower there is a pleasant view over the picturesquely broken ground which extends for many miles around Sherborne. In the ringing-chamber below hang the ten bells—a sanctus bell, a fire bell, and a peal of eight. The tenor is the smallest of seven sweet-toned bells imported from Tournai, and, as has been said, was the gift of Cardinal Wolsey. It is a little

under three tons in weight, and, although it has been twice recast, it still bears the inscription:—

“By Wolsey’s gift I measure time for all,
To mirth, to grief, to church I serve to call”

The allusion to the measurement of time is explained by the fact that it is this bell which strikes the hours, with a deep but sweet and melodious note. The fire bell was recast in 1652, and is of such unusual shape that it makes an



DORCHESTER, WITH THE ABBEY, FROM LITTLE WITTENHAM

unspeakably hideous clangour. It is still rung when there is a fire in the town. The inscription upon it is an odd mixture of piety and practical exhortation:—

“Lord, quench this furious flame!
Arise! run! help! put out the same.”

Sherborne has seen some strange ups and downs of fortune. In early ages alternately splendid and inconsiderable, it has for more than three centuries lived a quiet, unchequered existence, broken only by Fairfax’s siege of the castle in 1645. The town first emerges from obscurity at the beginning of the eighth century, when Ina, King of Wessex, dissociated Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, and Berks from the see of Winchester, and created those counties into a separate bishopric with its seat at Sherborne. The sainted Aldhelm, who in learning and knowledge of the arts was centuries in advance of his time, was the first bishop. He it was who first translated the Latin Psalter into Saxon; for him was made the first organ which ever pealed forth

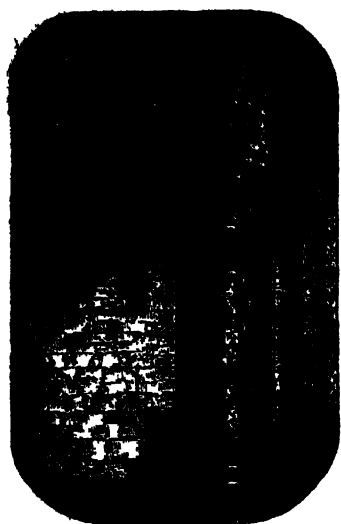
a litany in England. Aldhelm, indeed, was one of the most energetic men of his age. He founded three monasteries, and suggested the building of Glastonbury. His learning in theology was as remarkable as his accomplishment in poetry and music. A line of five-and-twenty Bishops of Sherborne followed him, but shortly



DORCHESTER THE CHOIR.

after the Conquest Sherborne ceased to be a bishopric, Herman, the last bishop, removing the see to Old Sarum, where he commenced the building of the cathedral.

For something more than half a century after the removal of the bishopric the prosperity of Sherborne languished; but in 1139 Roger, Bishop of Sarum, founded an abbey here, and assigned the cathedral to be the church of the monastery. For three hundred years after its foundation the records of the abbey are of the most meagre. But about the middle of the fifteenth century there happened a tragical event which could hardly escape the pen of the chronicler. The ill-feeling, common enough before the Reformation, between the secular and



DORCHESTER. THE SOUTH AISLE.

the regular clergy had lasted for some four centuries; during the fourteenth century it began to grow more acute, and it ended at last in the almost total destruction of the beautiful minster. The monks removed the abbey font from its proper position near the porch, and did other things which so grievously annoyed the townspeople that they complained to the bishop, who ordered that the font should be restored to its ancient place. In the meantime a new one had been placed in the parish church. This the monks endeavoured to displace; whereupon there was a riot, the new font was smashed, the abbey was set on fire, and only the bare walls were left standing.

The minster was thoroughly restored in the second half of the fifteenth century by Abbot Peter de Rampisham, whose penultimate successor, John Barnstaple, surrendered the abbey in 1535 to the Royal Commissioners. The days of the abbey's glory had then long been over; for of the three hundred Benedictine monks who once daily took their seats in its choir, eighteen only now remained. It happened, fortunately for posterity, that the parish church was at this time much decayed; and the parishioners decided to pull it down and to purchase the minster from Sir John Horsey, to whom it had been granted. The price they paid for this beautiful example of Decorated architecture, with its memories of centuries of devotion, was £230! For over thirty years the church was under restoration; and the works were only completed in 1885. Remains of the old monastery may be traced among the buildings occupied by the King's School, raised by the late master, Dr. Harper, to a very high position.

It is a far cry across three counties from Sherborne in Dorset to Dorchester in Oxfordshire; yet, in heptarchical times, both were bishop-stools in the great kingdom of Wessex, which extended from Cornwall to Berkshire. To-day Dorchester is a pretty village of three or four streets, standing upon slightly elevated land above the flat meadows in the neighbourhood of Abingdon, and principally known to boating-men, and to a few antiquaries who come to visit the majestic abbey. Dorchester is a charming spot, with its glimpses of well-wooded country, and with the round-headed Sinodun Hill rising ayont the swooning waters of the Thames, where

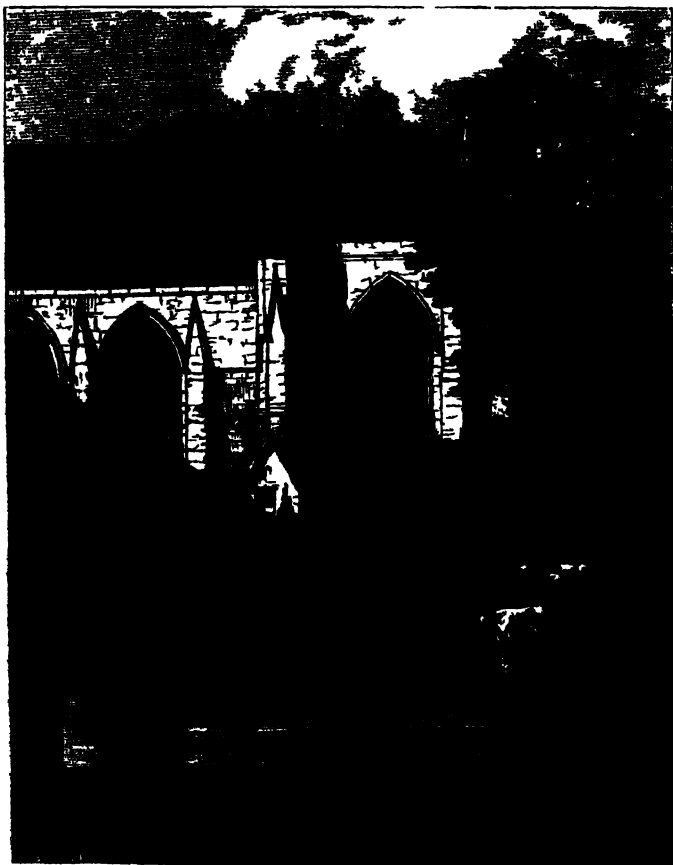
*"Beauteous Isis and her husband Thame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same."*

The long, low nave of the ancient abbey, with its sturdy conical-roofed red tower and its background of trees, is a very picturesque object as seen from the river.

Vast indeed have been the changes in the fortunes of Dorchester. Not only was it the seat of a bishopric, but, according to Bede, it contained many fine churches, no vestiges of which now remain. It was in 639 that Birinus, the afterwards canonised apostle of the West Saxons, converted Cynegils, King of Wessex, and baptised him into the Church at Dorchester. About that time the bishopric was founded, and the emissary of Pope Honorius was consecrated first Bishop. It was always a very extensive diocese, and in the time of Edward the Confessor it stretched from the Thames to the Humber, and was the largest diocese in England. The bishopric was held by a long succession of learned and energetic prelates; but, as not infrequently happened in the early days of the Church, the mitre of Dorchester was sometimes worn by men who were destitute alike of learning and of piety, and lived unseemly and scandalous lives. Of such was Bishop Ulf, a Norman, appointed to the see in 1049 by Edward the Confessor, who had a bad habit of giving bishoprics to foreigners. Ulf seems to have been the most unfit of men for a prelate; indeed, the chronicles of the time record that he "did nought bishop-like." So intense was his ignorance that he could hardly read the Psalter or sing a mass. When he went to Rome Pope Leo was beside himself with anger that such a man should have been set over the greatest diocese in England, and he went very near to depriving Ulf of his see. But Ulf was a master of the art of judicious bribery, and some portion of his great episcopal revenues, artfully spent among those who surrounded the Pope, made him safe in his bishopric. Before this time the see had been removed to Sidnacester; but after a while it was restored to Dorchester, whence it was ultimately transferred, in 1086 or 1088—authorities vary as to the precise date—to Lincoln. Of all Dorchester's state and consequence, nothing now remains save the abbey. Henry of Huntingdon places it fourteenth in importance upon his list of the twenty-eight British cities; but its population is now little more than a thousand.

It is impossible to assign a date, or even a period, to Dorchester Abbey, for it forms a picturesque, and, architecturally, a most interesting mixture of styles, ranging from Norman work, which may perhaps date from a few years before the Conquest, to Tudor. The finest near glimpse of the church is to be obtained from the lych-gate at the western end of the churchyard, which is overshadowed by a chestnut-tree remarkable for its magnificent proportions even in a neighbourhood famous for the luxuriance of these trees. This tree, with the massive grey walls of the abbey beyond, forms one of the "bits" which artists love. The south porch is a peculiarly handsome example of Tudor work in stone, with a timbered roof. Viewed from the southern

entrance, the interior of the abbey is heavy and sombre, the nave being divided into two parts by the tower. But this impression of heaviness wears off so soon as the eye begins to appreciate the fine proportions of the church. The roofs, in particular, are exceedingly beautiful. That of the nave is supported upon graceful clustered columns. The lightness and elegance of the groined roof of the Lady Chapel are famous. The abbey is somewhat smaller than that of



DORCHESTER THE CHANCEL.

Sherborne. It stands 119th upon Lord Grimthorpe's list of great English churches, and is, without the tower, 187 feet long, with a superficial area of 10,000 square feet. Just inside the south door stands the ancient leaden font, which dates from Norman days. The figures of the Apostles—minus, of course, Judas—are cut in high relief round the bowl. Beyond the tower is the Lady Chapel, of the roof of which I have made mention. Formerly there were a great number of altar-tombs in this chapel, but four only now remain. Two of them

are tombs of Crusaders, their feet resting upon lioncels. One represents a knight of the Segrave family; on the other the Crusader, whose countenance is hardly prepossessing, is in the act of drawing his dagger. In the floor near by is the brass of Richard Bewforest, who in 1554 purchased the abbey church from the grantee for £140, and presented it to the parish. A plain brass in this chapel to one Thomas Day, who died in 1693, bears an inscription which deserves a place in any list of curious epitaphs:—

"Sweet Death he came in Hast
& said his glass is run,
Thou art ye man i say,
See what thy God has done."

'The altar here is a memorial to Bishop Wilberforce of Winchester.

One of the best of the few remaining brasses is in the choir, and commemorates another member of the Bewforest family, who is vested with a cope, and bears a crozier in his hand. The famous "Jesse Window" is on the north side of the choir. It is a pedigree in stone of the line of Jesse. The genealogical tree has its root in the body of Jesse, and each of the progenitors of Christ is represented by a small figure in stone; but the figures of Christ and His mother have unfortunately been destroyed. The ancient painted glass in the window contains figures of the chief members of the line of David. Notwithstanding that the window—one of the most remarkable of our ecclesiastical antiquities—is fourteenth century work, it is in very good preservation. Dorchester Abbey, indeed, is richer in old painted glass than most of our churches. The building has long been intermittently under restoration. The work was commenced by Sir Gilbert Scott; but much yet remains to be done.

With the exception of the National School, which is believed to have been the refectory of the abbey, no vestige of the monastic buildings remains; but some sculptured stones, which are conjectured to have formed part of the enrichments of those buildings, have been removed from a house in the village, and are to be built into the fabric of the church.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

LUTTERWORTH.

THE BURIAL PLACE OF AN EARLY REFORMER.

LUTTERWORTH, at the present day, is a quiet little country town, numbering some two thousand inhabitants. As its records prove that it has increased greatly since the year 1564, when the population did not much exceed five hundred, it was probably hardly more than a large village in the days of Wiclif. The country round is generally undulating, furrowed here and there a little



THE CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD

more deeply, though not very constantly, with small valleys. The land is almost wholly in pasture, and frequent trees pleasantly diversify scenery which would otherwise be rather monotonous. It is, in short, a very characteristic bit of the English midlands, among the grass-lands dear to the fox-hunter; and at the present day a meet of the hounds seems to be the chief event that stirs the quiet streets of Lutterworth into a brief excitement. Though so old a place, there is little to be seen, except the church, which can lay claim to an antiquity so far back as the end of the seventeenth century. The church, with the rectory and a part of the town, stands on the edge of the upland. Thence the ground slopes down towards the margin of a stream—the little river Swift, so inseparably connected with the memory of Wiclif. The main street of Lutterworth

descends the hill, gently at first, then more rapidly, till, as the houses cease, it reaches the tiny flat by the river-side. Here a small bridge carries the road over the stream. Just above it the water is parted to turn a mill, a comparatively modern building, but probably occupying an ancient site; below, the united water forms a stream some four or five yards wide, and perhaps a foot deep, which flows rapidly, as the name implies; little reaches of level water alternating with rippled intervals as it descends towards the Avon. Houses, bridge, trees—everything is more modern than the days of Wiclif, now separated from us by half a thousand years; but there is every probability that the street along which he walked followed the lines of that which we tread to-day, and that a bridge then crossed the river at about the same spot as the present one. From its parapet, most likely, his ashes were cast into the river, for below this its waters flow more rapidly, and the channel enters at once into the open country.

But for any structure contemporary with John Wiclif we must betake ourselves to the church. That, as has been said, stands on the more level ground at the top of the slope, being situated just on the margin of the town. It is a handsome, fairly large building, a good specimen of an English parish church; the greater part of it dating from the fourteenth century. The tower was formerly surmounted by a slender wooden spire—destroyed in the great gale of 1704—but is now terminated by a belfry stage, surmounted by four large crocketed pinnacles. This was either added after the fall of the spire, or has been modernised; and though it looks well from a distance, does not bear near inspection. The lower part of the tower is massive, and, as it terminates in a band of quatrefoiled panelling, was probably once a rather low one. The church consists of a nave—lighted by a clerestory—together with aisles, separated from it by rather high arches. The style is Early Perpendicular, but at the eastern end of the south aisle, where was formerly a Lady Chapel, is a good Decorated window. The chancel also is a Perpendicular building, but there are an Early English (restored) window and door on the south side, together with a piscina and ambry at the eastern end, all of earlier date, so that at least the lower part of the walls is much older than the days of Wiclif. The church is built largely of pebbles of a hard, fine grit, with sandstone coigns, &c. It was “repaired and beautified” in the last century, and some twenty years since was restored by Sir Gilbert Scott. Much new stone was then inserted, the walls were pointed, and many repairs and some additions, then and subsequently, were made.

As will be inferred from the above brief description, it is not easy to be sure how much of the present church belongs to that in which Wiclif ministered. The best authorities, however, are satisfied that the greater part of the nave and

aisles was standing in his days, though the fabric cannot have been long completed. The upper part of the chancel is probably later, but the lower, with the western tower, is undoubtedly older.

The main entrance to the church is on the south side, where a porch has recently been added, but there is another, though a smaller one, on the north.



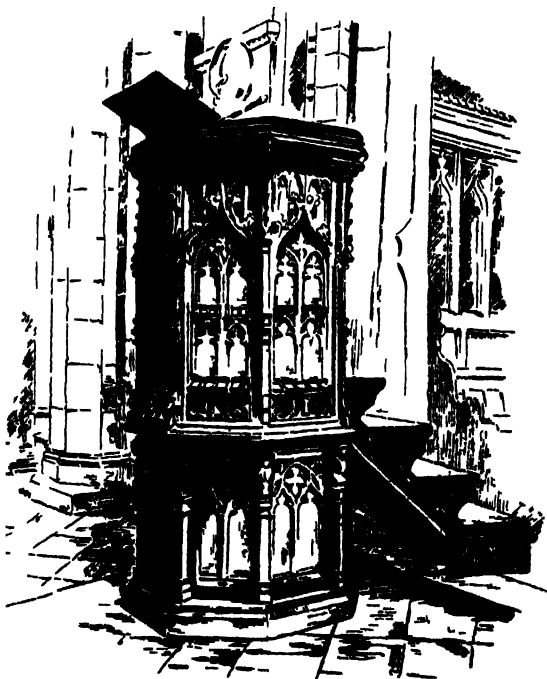
THE BRIDGE OVER THE SWIFT

This is the shortest mode of approach from the rectory, which stands on the north side of the churchyard. The present house is modern, for it was built by Bishop Ryder, who held the living for about fifteen years, resigning it on his consecration as Bishop of Gloucester in 1816; but we are informed that the rectory-house has always occupied the same situation. On this side of the churchyard are four aged elms, but old though they are, we fear they cannot claim to have numbered five centuries. On entering the church, we see above this northern doorway a fresco of remarkable interest, representing a queen standing between two men wearing royal crowns. According to the old verger's story, it is Queen Philippa, supported by John of Gaunt, asking Edward III. to give Wiclif the living of Lutterworth, an interpretation which, we fear, has been read into the picture. Others consider the male figures to represent Edward II. and Edward III. The style of execution is that of the middle rather than of the latter part of the fourteenth century, and thus adds to the probability of the church being earlier than the date of Wiclif's incumbency (1375-1384). Passing onward into the church, we note another fresco, no less remarkable, on the blank wall over

the chancel arch. It represents the Saviour in glory seated on a rainbow above the "glassy sea." On either side are two angels, one of each pair blowing a trumpet over a brown plain supposed to represent the earth, from which the graves are giving up their dead in various stages of transition, from the dry bones to the new body. The roof of the nave will divide attention with this interesting specimen of mediæval art, as a fine specimen of Perpendicular woodwork. The pulpit, however, which is placed almost in front of a curious "squint" on the north side of the chancel, is naturally the first object of the visitor's attention. It would be noteworthy anywhere as a good specimen of ancient carving in oak, but here it has a special interest as claiming to be that from which the Reformer preached. There seems no reason to doubt that it is a piece of fourteenth century work, and from the style we should regard it as older than the last twenty-five years of that period. It has, of course, been much repaired, and the base has been renewed, but in all probability the rectors of Lutterworth have delivered the Gospel, as understood by them, from this pulpit for more than five hundred years.

Beneath a glass case in the vestry is shown a fragment of a cope or chasuble of embroidered velvet, also associated with the Reformer's name. Undoubtedly it is a vestment of great antiquity, and may very well have been worn by him. The same cannot be said of "Wiclif's chair," now placed on the north side of the communion-table, in which, as the story is told, he was carried from the church to his house when stricken down by the fatal paralysis. It must be of a considerably later date. So also are a pair of gilded wooden candlesticks, placed on the communion-table, and a grand old table with carved supports, "where he sat to write his translation of

the Bible," now standing near the west end of the church. The last would deserve notice anywhere, but we should be surprised if it were much older than the dissolution of the monasteries. Copies of Wiclif's translation, and an old



THE WICLIF PULPIT.

edition of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," are placed upon it, and on a neighbouring wall hangs a copy of the Wiclif portrait now in the possession of the Earl of Denbigh. On the north wall, near the eastern end of that aisle, is a mural monument to the memory of Wiclif, with a bas-relief by Westmacott, erected in the year 1837; and to the west of it is an interesting alabaster tomb, commemorating two members of the Feilding family. In the floor near is a small brass, said to mark the graves of the same couple, from which it appears that John Feilding died in 1403, and his wife Joanna in 1418. In any case the monument is of later date than the death of Wiclif. It is needless to linger over other interesting features of the church; suffice it to say that it contains some modern stained glass and mural paintings, and that the restoration was thorough.

We must turn now from this quiet Leicestershire village to sketch briefly the life of the illustrious man to whom, from a fortunate juncture of circumstances, it proved a secure haven in the evening of his days. John Wiclif was born in Yorkshire, not far from Richmond, the exact locality being a subject of dispute. Even the year of his birth is not certain, but it is believed to be 1324. Of his childhood we know nothing; probably he received his education in some neighbouring school. But there is no doubt that his university career was one of high distinction. That is admitted by his enemies, one of whom—Knighton, a canon of Leicester, and contemporary with Wiclif—speaks of him as second to none in philosophy, and "in scholastic discipline altogether incomparable." In addition to the schoolmen, he studied deeply the writers on the civil and the canon law; he was well read in patristic theology, especially in the works of St. Augustine and St. Jerome, of St. Basil and St. Gregory. Well was it for him that he underwent this training before devoting himself more especially to the study of the sacred volume, because it not only gave him that skill in fence and perfect mastery of dialectics which made him a champion whom his adversaries could not afford to despise or dare to disparage, but also by strengthening his intellectual powers, disciplining his imagination, and broadening his mental horizon, prevented him from running into extravagances and exposing himself to attack, as did so many of the earlier, more unlettered Reformers. John Wiclif, like every man who sets himself up as a reformer of gross abuses, had for his opponents men sufficiently masters of phrases, "full of wise saws and modern instances," and sufficiently acute in intellect, to avail themselves of every slip of headlong zeal, to distort the meaning of unguarded admissions or hasty expressions, so as not only to unite against him the Pharisees of Rome and the Herodians of the Court, but also to bring him into a wider suspicion and disfavour, by representing him to the sincerely religious as an infidel, and to the party of order as an anarchist.

Wiclif's lot was cast in evil days. For years the moral condition of the

Papacy had gone on from bad to worse. There were times when earnest men might have been pardoned had they beheld Anti-Christ in him who occupied the "chair of Peter." The voice of protest for righteousness' sake had indeed been raised from time to time, only to be silenced, often with every refinement of cruelty. The Waldenses and Albigenses were examples of how Rome dealt with her censors and brought back the wanderers from her fold, of how she interpreted and obeyed the precepts of her Master. Moreover, the hands of the Pope and his coterie had been greatly strengthened for evil by a new agency, the mendicant friars. Thus the task which confronted Wiclif, when first his mind began to realise the evils by which he was surrounded, was one which by its difficulty might have daunted, by its danger might have appalled, any ordinary man.

His first open protest, his declaration of war against the corruption of the Church, was the publication, in the year 1356, of a short tract entitled "The Last Age of the Church." The "Black Death," which a few years before had swept across Europe, and had ended by devastating England, had stirred deeply the minds of men, who saw in it, and in the general corruption of the Church, the signs of the end of the world. It would be impossible to give, in the space at our disposal, any account of even the writings of Wiclif which have come down to us; suffice it to say that he continued to pour forth a host of tracts, chiefly polemical, but that his most important work was the translation of the Bible—accomplished with the assistance of others—to which the closing years of his life were especially devoted.

He was not without honour among his contemporaries at Oxford. Probably his attacks upon the hated friars atoned for any suspected "unsoundness" in his views. He was presented by Balliol College to a living in Lincolnshire, and was shortly afterwards made their warden, a post which he held for four years, and then resigned it to take the oversight of Canterbury Hall, recently founded by Simon Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury; but, though presented by the founder, he was ejected by Islip's successor—a partisan of the monks. It is needless to detail the particulars of the case; suffice it to say that Wiclif appealed to the Pope, having apparently not yet realised that Rome was the last place to look to for justice, and that as a matter of course his appeal was unsuccessful. He continued, however, to reside much at Oxford, took the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and gave lectures. His skill in law as well as divinity had now rendered his name so eminent that he was sent to Bruges to confer with the Commissioners of the Pope on several grave matters in dispute between him and the King of England. This conference lasted for more than a year, and the mission promised to be successful. The Commissioners were obliged to admit the illegality of several of the Papal claims. The withdrawal of these

was promised; it is perhaps needless to add that the agreement was only observed so long as it was safer to keep than to break it. From Bruges, however, Wiclif returned with a clearer notion than ever of where the responsibility for the vices of the Church really rested, and henceforth he spoke with a yet plainer voice.



WICLIF

(From the Portrait at King's College, Cambridge.)

In the end of the year 1375 he received from the Crown (patrons during a minority) the living of Lutterworth, but at first continued his residence in Oxford. He was now becoming so formidable an enemy that it appeared necessary to make an attempt to silence him. This failed, through the protection afforded him by John of Gaunt; another one the next year (1378) was defeated by the favour of the Queen-Mother.

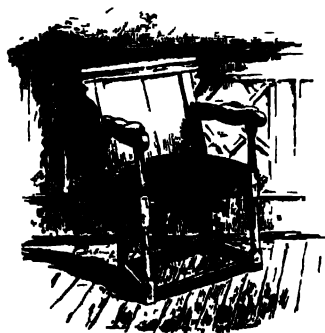
The tide of favour, however, before long began to turn. Wiclif's attacks on Rome became more distinctly theological. He wrote on the Eucharist, and his views were condemned. Measures also were taken against the Poor Preachers, who wandered about the country disseminating the doctrines which he maintained. At last John of Gaunt withdrew his support, or at any rate his open support. Wiclif was summoned before a Convocation at Oxford, and ultimately banished from the university, which he finally quitted in the year 1383, and took up his residence at Lutterworth. So far as we know, he did not again leave this retreat. A Papal mis-sive indeed summoned him to Rome, but he pleaded ill-health as a reason for not obeying the command. It was, in fact, evident to all that at last the sword had nearly worn through the scabbard. He laboured on at his task of spreading the Gospel, but the hand of death was now, as it appeared, fighting the battle of his enemies. He had already been attacked by paralysis, and at last, on December 29th, he was stricken down in church by another seizure. On the second day after the attack, on the last day of the year 1384, he fell asleep.

He was buried in Lutterworth Church, probably in the chancel, and there his bones rested for some thirty years. Then was held the famous Council of Constance. That notorious conclave in the quiet German town by the lake-side has an ill name even among ecclesiastical gatherings; and as Rome was now thoroughly alarmed, and deemed itself strong enough, its emissaries set to work to extirpate heresy. The "Morning Star" was not forgotten; Wiclif's doctrines were formally condemned, and an order given to howk up his bones and cast them out of hallowed ground. This petty insult was executed, though not

for some years. The grave was opened, the Reformer's bones—or somebody's bones—were duly dug up, burned, and the ashes cast into the Swift. "This brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

"Which things are an allegory" indeed. Wiclif died in obscurity, his life's work, as it seemed, a failure. His enemies triumphed, they persecuted his followers, torturing and burning in the name of Christ, and for nearly a century and a half truth seemed worsted by error, and God's ear deaf to the cry of the suffering. But all the time the seed was growing, though few regarded it. The servants of the Pope might increase the splendour of their churches and of their ceremonies, but more and more men looked askance and quoted inconvenient passages of Scripture. They might execute heretics, but the proverb, *sanguis martyrū semen Ecclesiæ*, was to come true in the Church's despite, and heresy, as they called it, seemed hydra-headed. At last the appointed season came; the yoke of a foreign prelate was cast off the neck of the English people, and their Church, except for one brief interval and an occasional wavering, has ever since rejoiced to be numbered among the Reformed Churches. Thus the "Morning Star of the Reformation" proved to be no fitful gleam in the darkness of night, but the harbinger of a brighter day, the forerunner of that light which it is our privilege to enjoy.

T. G. BONNEY.



"WICLIF'S CHAIR"

HEXHAM.

A BORDER ABBEY.

A DISTANT view of Hexham is always charming: whether it be from the woods of St. John Lee on the north, the steep banks on the south, the long, level sweep of the Tyne valley on the east, or the bold rise of Warden Hill on the west, the prospect is one that cannot fail to delight the traveller. The old town nestles down at the foot of an amphitheatre of surrounding hills, and the broad Tyne sweeps past it, always changing and always beautiful. In summer a clear and occasionally shallow stream, in winter often a mighty, roaring flood, but still the same old river which has seen so many changes on its banks, from the days when the Romans carried their Watling Street up to its southern bank and crossed it with a fine long bridge, to the days when the dreadful floods of 1771 swept it clear of all bridges save that at Corbridge.

The most conspicuous building in the town is the Abbey Church, a battered and sombre-looking edifice; but the hoary appearance of its time-worn walls gives it a romantic interest not shared by many more beautiful southern churches with their tall spires and rich traceries. Its one tower is low, broad, and spireless; its roofs long and flat, their somewhat monotonous outline being broken only by a few rugged pinnacles. East of the church two sturdy and stern-looking towers are to be seen rising above the general level of the houses: the silent evidences that in former days the offices of religion had often to be protected by force of arms. On a nearer approach the old town reveals more of its character. Its streets are narrow and irregular, and in some parts steeply inclined. They all lead to the market-place, which occupies the centre of the town, and contains the shambles, a hundred and fifty years old, with stone colonnade and moss-covered roof. Many of the houses are small and ancient, with dates and the initials of former owners, long since dead and forgotten, cut on the lintels of the doorways; and there still remain a few heather-thatched roofs, now green with moss, and fast decaying.

Richard, Prior of Hexham from 1142 to about 1160, was a man of considerable literary ability, and, amongst other works, he wrote a history of the church over which he ruled. He tells us that in his day the town was "moderate in size and thinly inhabited, but formerly ample and magnificent, as the vestiges of antiquity testify." In 674, Queen Etheldreda, the wife of Ecgrid, King of Northumbria, gave to St. Wilfrid land which had formed a portion of her dower. This comprised the district known as Hexhamshire, and included the parishes of Hexham, Allendale, and St. John Lee. St. Wilfrid founded a monastery and built a church, which, according to the old chroniclers, must have been one

of the largest and most beautiful to be found in England at that time. It had a crypt and underground passages, porches, towers, and winding staircases, as well as galleries in the walls at various heights. There were many chapels,



THE EXTERIOR.

both on the floor and in the galleries above, and these contained altars dedicated to Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, and Virgins, all the altars being most sumptuously furnished with vessels and vestments, while the walls were covered with paintings and carvings in relief. In 681 Hexham was made a see dependent on York, and its beautiful church became a cathedral, with the right of sanctuary. The old stone seat, called the "Fridstool" or "seat of peace," still remains. It was probably the bishop's throne of the Saxon cathedral, but up to the time of the abolition of sanctuary it was used as the goal to which the fugitive criminal directed his steps in order that he might be under the protection of the Church, and being seated in it, none dared molest him. The sanctuary extended for a mile from the church in all directions, and four crosses were erected at the four points of the compass to mark its boundaries. The sites of two of these crosses are known, and a fragment of one of them is in existence. The north cross was at first placed in the river, in mid-stream; but we are told that Walter Biwell,

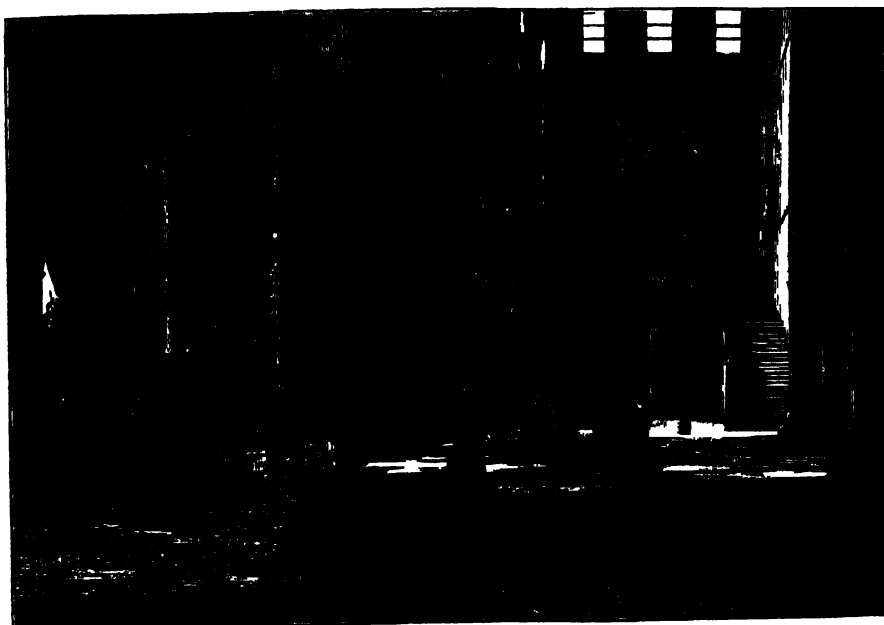
chaplain to Bernard de Balliol, had arrested many persons, with their substance, while crossing the river, and these complaining to the archbishop, he had the cross placed on the northern bank of the stream.

St. Wilfrid was a man of mark in his day, and was consecrated archbishop of the northern province. His haughty manner and determined disposition made him many enemies, and he was twice exiled from his diocese; but he lived long enough to survive his troubles, and died peacefully at Ripon in 709. Eleven bishops followed him, and then the see of Hagustald, as Hexham was then called, came to an end; why, we know not, nor does Prior Richard seem to have known, for he says that it had ceased fifty years before the devastation of Northumberland by Haldane the Dane in 875.

The beautiful cathedral was destroyed by the Scandinavian marauders, and the priests and people were either murdered or driven from their homes. At this time someone buried a large bronze vessel containing about twelve thousand of the small bronze coins used by the Saxons, and called *stycas*. This treasure lay concealed until 1832, when it was found, eight feet from the surface, in digging an unusually deep grave. After a time, peace and order again prevailed in Northumbria, but the church of Hexham was left a battered shell, which its one poor priest repaired as well as he could so that he might say mass in it. In this miserable condition it remained until after the Norman Conquest had changed the affairs of the nation, and the monastic system had become a great power. In 1113, Thomas the Second, Archbishop of York, founded here a priory of canons-regular of St. Augustine, or black canons, as they were commonly called. They were at first miserably poor, and few in number; but wealth, lands, and many privileges soon fell largely to their share, and their numbers steadily increased till the close of the thirteenth century, when Hexham was one of the largest and most influential of the monastic houses in all the Border country.

The Austin Canons at first repaired the old church of St. Wilfrid's day, and built domestic offices of wood. It is evident that from the early days of their establishment at Hexham, the canons saw how hazardous was their position, close to the wild borderland; for the first of their new buildings was a strong gateway on the north side of their enclosure, which was surrounded by a thick, high wall. These erections still to a large extent remain, and from their style we may conclude that they were begun directly after the Battle of the Standard, fought at Northallerton in 1138. In marching southwards, on this occasion, the Scots had halted at Hexham, and though they pillaged the town and neighbourhood, King David had interfered on behalf of the abbey, and no harm befell it; but the canons had learnt how necessary it was that they should have some strong means of defending themselves against such troublesome neighbours. Some

years before this event Hexham had had a narrow escape when King Malcolm was in the neighbourhood. Being enraged by the murder of some of his emissaries, he determined to sack the abbey, and sent the fierce men of Galloway to carry out his evil purpose. Poor Eilaf, the priest, prayed to be delivered from their



TRANSEPT AND DORMITORY.

hands, and dreamed that he saw St. Wilfrid, along with St. Cuthbert, riding to his rescue. St. Cuthbert promised to spread a net to catch the Scots; and on the morrow such a dense fog filled the valley of the Tyne that they lost their way and spent days in fruitless wanderings among the hills; and when the fog rolled away they found that the river was so swollen with flood-water that they could not cross, and so Hexham was saved.

Even before the close of the twelfth century the abbey had become a wealthy and influential house, and the old Saxon buildings of St. Wilfrid's time were superseded by an entirely new church, with all the usual domestic offices. Prior Richard tells us how the canons had at first repaired and "built upon the ruins of many edifices which waste and devastation have destroyed." Inasmuch as all the documents which may have mentioned the rebuilding of the abbey have perished, we can only tell the story of its rise from the stones themselves. As the crypt of the earlier church is under the present tower, we suppose that the new church occupied the same ground as its predecessor, and furthermore we can discern that the old church was maintained as long as possible while the new one was

being built. About 1175 the aisle walls of the choir were raised, and no doubt their foundations were laid outside St. Wilfrid's Church, which would be somewhat smaller than the new building. Then the foundations of the great pillars would be laid, and the new and spacious choir carried on till the clerestory was reached. All this would take many years to build, for the upper portion of the choir cannot well be earlier than 1210. Then followed the long and noble transepts, with all their fine arcades and boldly designed flanks and end walls. Then, where the wings meet each other in a common centre, the tower rose to a height of a hundred feet, and the new church was ready for dedication. The choir, in which the high altar stood, served for the frequent services of the canons; the transepts, for the smaller altars and for the parish sermon; for there was no nave, it being left to future years to complete the great church according to the plan laid down. The chapter-house, common-house, and dormitory were all built on the east side of the cloister garth; the frater, or dining hall, and the kitchen, on the south; and the great guest-hall and cellars for stores, on the west. On the north side a thick and high wall was built to serve as a shelter from the cold winds, and to form the lower portion of the nave wall when it should be carried on. The prior's house stood on the west side of the cloister, and the infirmary on the east.

The canons now enjoyed a period of rest and peace. Their buildings were extensive and convenient, and we can picture them pacing the alleys of their cloister in calm contemplation; or attending the constant services in their choir; or dining in the long and lofty frater, with its beautiful windows of rich tracery; or warming themselves over the common-room fire while they discussed the passing events of the day. Ever and anon they would leave the quiet cloister and go out into the town on some errand of mercy, or up to their chapel of St. Oswald on the Roman wall, or down the Tyne to their dependent cell at Ovingham. But this period of quietude was only the forerunner of a terrible calamity which was to overwhelm both abbey and town, and all the surrounding villages and homesteads, and lay them waste and desolate.

The large and handsome frater and the exquisitely beautiful lavatory—the parts left to the last—were hardly finished, when the cruel Scots came rushing down the valleys of the Rede and Tyne, burning and destroying all that lay in their path. The little nunnery at Lambley, on the South Tyne, was utterly destroyed, and the nuns butchered. The beautiful priory at Lanercost, on the Irthing, was fired, and its inmates compelled to fly for their lives. Then Hexham was reached, and terrible were the destruction and desecration, and horrible were the cruelties, which the savage men of Galloway perpetrated there. The abbey and church were burned and rifled from end to end; all the shrines and the altar were stripped of their valuables, and the much-prized relics of the saints were

thrown into the flames. In the grammar school, which seems to have been within the precincts of the abbey, two hundred poor scholars were roasted alive; for, with fiendish glee, the barbarians fastened up the doors and fired the buildings. The library and muniments, and everything that could be burned, shared a similar fate.

In the following autumn another inroad was made under William Wallace, when everything that had been left was destroyed or carried off. Two canons, who had ventured to return to Hexham, had a narrow escape of their lives as they celebrated mass in their church; and the ruffians even seized the chalice and mass-book from off the altar.

The palmy days of the abbey seem to have passed away for ever, for during the first half of the fourteenth century the inroads of the Scots were frequent and disastrous. During the reign of Edward II., the weakest of English monarchs, they ran riot over all the northern province, and the resources of the abbey were drained away till the poor canons were reduced to the most absolute poverty. After the battle of Nevill's Cross in 1346, when David of Scotland was taken prisoner and his army completely routed, the power of the Scots was broken, and a period of peace followed. The Abbey of Hexham recovered itself to a great extent, and many grants of lands were made to it. The church was repaired, and a new roof added to it, and in the course of the next century many things were done to beautify its interior. The nave appears to have been begun about this time, but was again abandoned for lack of means to carry out so large a work. Though the abbey held up its head and maintained its proper position among other northern monastic houses, its revenues were much more straitened than in former years, and were not sufficient to allow of any extensive building.

Scarcely had the troubles brought on by the Scots been passed by in the ceaseless roll of time, and forgotten, when dangers from another source threatened the canons. The sixteenth century had hardly begun when the popularity of the monastic system commenced to wane. The influence of the monasteries had gradually declined during the last century and a half, and when the final blow which terminated their existence was struck by the strong hand of Henry VIII., the greater portion of the people were not unwilling to see them fall. Hexham showed singular vitality to the very last, and instead of a tame official statement of surrender, which is all we know of the last days of many of the monasteries, we have an exciting story, bristling with incidents which read like a romance.

In April, 1536, Archbishop Lee wrote to Mr. Secretary Cromwell to plead hard the cause of Hexham, and begged that it might be spared, both on account of its ancient renown, and also on account of its position on the Border, whereby it was of great use in serving as a house of call and entertainment for all persons

passing into Scotland. He pleaded in vain, for on the 28th of September four commissioners were sent to Hexham with power to suppress the abbey. When they came to Dilston, two miles further down the Tyne, they heard that the abbey at Hexham was garrisoned by the canons, who, with the Master of Ovingham as their leader, were ready to offer a most determined resistance. Two of the commissioners thought it were well to remain behind, but the other two rode on. When they entered the market-place a strange sight met their eyes. The town was full of people, many of them armed with such weapons as they had, while the gates and doors of the abbey were fast shut, and the canons, all arrayed in harness, with bows and artillery, were standing on the leads of the church and on the steeple, and when addressed by the commissioners, they boldly answered: "We be XXⁱⁱ brethren in this hous, and we shall dye all or y^t shall ye have this hous." The commissioners replied advising them to consider well and take counsel together, and then answer them again. So the canons went into the abbey for a time, and then again appeared on the roof and repeated their determination not to surrender. With this answer the commissioners retired to Corbridge, while the canons with their servants and tenants marched out of the abbey "to a place called the Grene," where they remained till the commissioners were out of sight.

Such resistance was sure to end in serious trouble to the poor canons, but they might even yet have been pardoned had it not been for "the crafty devyse and subtil way conceyved by John Heron of Chipchase, otherwyse callyd Litle John Heron, to have the inhabitantes of Tyndall and Hexhamshyre to breyke." This scoundrel, who was a Border robber, exercised himself untiringly, and used every artifice, to persuade the canons of Hexham to maintain their defensive position; he knowing that such was the surest means to bring about a rising in the north, by which he hoped to profit in the matter of booty, and to revenge himself on the Carnabys, who were devoted adherents of the king. Heron pretended to mediate between the canons and Carnaby, but by delivering false messages to both sides he achieved his wicked purpose of maintaining the canons in rebellion, along with the men of Tynedale and Hexhamshire. Early in the following year the prior of Hexham was hanged at Tyburn, and six of the canons appear to have suffered in a similar manner. In 1538 the site of the priory was granted to Sir Reginald Carnaby, who died, without an heir, in 1543.

The abbey church was kept in repair, but was not used as the parish church of the town until a century or more after the dissolution, as St. Mary's church was then in existence. Latterly large sums have been spent on so-called "restoration," in which numbers of the ancient monuments, and many of the most interesting features in and about this grand old church, have been wantonly destroyed.

CHARLES CLEMENT HODGES.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE CHURCH OF SHAKESPEARE

IT is a fortunate, though rare, accident when the chief events in the life of the few men who "like tall columns have risen above the dead level of humanity," all centre in a single country town. Then the fields, brooks, and groves of the neighbourhood, the houses and the quiet streets in the town, become inseparably associated with them, and seem brightened by some influence of the minds which they have aided in developing. Memories of the past are more readily recalled in the silence of the fields than amid the confusing bustle of the crowded city. Its thoughts and feelings are more easily appreciated when we are surrounded by the houses in which the men of its generations lived, and worked, and died, where the "still small voice" of the bygone age is not yet overpowered by the rush and the noise of our over-busy century. Thus the little country town becomes in the best sense of the word a place of pilgrimage; for in homage to the mighty dead there need be no superstition, and there may be a lesson for us in those manifold surroundings which cannot but have influenced their lives. With Stratford-on-Avon, that quiet, quaint, picturesque Warwickshire town, the memory of William Shakespeare is inseparably connected. He was born in one of its houses, he was taught in its school, he sowed his wild oats—perhaps rather freely—in its vicinity, he married, not wisely, we fear, from a neighbouring village; and then, after an interval of years, when fame and competence had been attained, at a rate which must have surprised those who still remembered certain incidents of his youth, he returned to pass the remainder of his days in the handsome house which he had purchased, and lastly—while still in middle life—died, and was buried in the chancel of the parish church.

But even if William Shakespeare had never lived or died at Stratford-on-Avon,



THE TOWER, FROM THE RIVER.

the church of the Holy Trinity would merit notice as one of exceptional beauty and interest. It stands in a churchyard than which there are few prettier in the kingdom. An avenue of old limes leads from the street to the porch; along that path Shakespeare must have walked each Sunday to his place in the church. These very trees most probably even then bordered the path; though perhaps hardly more than saplings, they were putting forth their leaves on that sad April day when his body was carried to its last home in the chancel. But there is a spot of yet greater beauty—a path which, though it must not be associated with his memory, since it was only made some twenty years ago, is nevertheless notable for its loveliness alone. Near the eastern end of the church flows the Avon, forming one boundary to the churchyard. By its side is a little terrace walk, shadowed by fine old elms. “On one side rises the church—spire, transepts, chancel, grouping themselves afresh at every step, through the leafy openings of overarching boughs, the shoots of bright green foliage contrasting with the grey old stones, worn, but not defaced, by the storms of centuries. On the other side the Avon slowly glides past the bridges and houses, past the green meadows on its opposite brink—

‘Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage’—

on through the broadening valleys till it mingles with the Severn’s stream, and ‘the river becomes a sea.’” *

The church as a whole is much older than the days of Shakespeare. Except for two structural alterations, for some additional monuments, for some changes for better or for worse in the fittings, we see it nearly as he saw it. The town itself, as well as the church, carries us very far back in the history of England; the former, indeed, being much older than the material structure of the latter. We hear of Stratford some three centuries before the Norman Conquest; a church is mentioned in a document of the ninth century, though, of course, nothing of a fabric so ancient as this remains. The town obtained its name Stratford, or Stradford, from the ford on the river Avon, where it was crossed by the great “street” or high road leading from Henley-in-Arden to London. As now, so for centuries back, it seems to have been a quietly prosperous place, probably more busy and more rapidly growing in the present than in any former generation; one of those placid country towns where the burghers lived comfortable lives in comfortable houses, working well, but not too hard, taking their fair share of the pleasures of life—bread, beef, and beer, all of the best—yet thrifty withal, so that they commonly managed to leave more of this world’s goods to their children than they had received from their fathers. Such a man—rather of the humbler order—William Shakespeare’s father seems to have been; such a



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

one, when the heat of youth had somewhat cooled, he must have been in himself; quick to see the beauties of nature, but not blind to those of his own species, given much to "high thinking" yet sometimes departing not unwillingly, from the rule of "plain living."

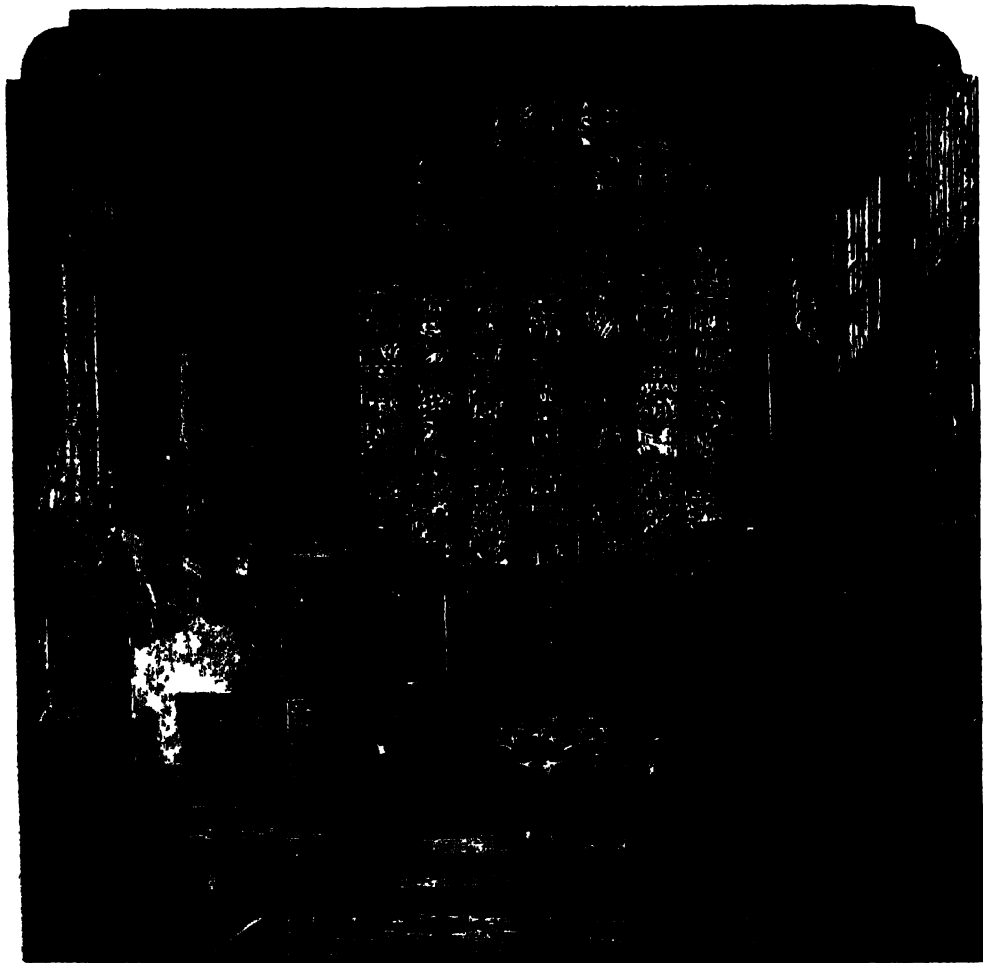
The church is cruciform, with a large chancel or choir, and a central steeple. The spire, visible from all the country round, rises to a height of about 163 feet from the ground. This is a comparatively modern feature, as it was built rather less than a century ago, to replace a smaller structure of timber covered with lead. The church, as a whole, belongs to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Parts of the transepts and tower appear to be older, and are referred to the thirteenth century, but the earlier portions are not very conspicuous, so that the general effect is not materially altered. The nave and aisles were built, not all at one period, during the fourteenth century, the style of the different parts varying from rather late Decorated to Perpendicular. The south aisle is ascribed to John de Stratford, a native of the town, who had already risen to eminence as an ecclesiastic, and afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury. He also founded, in the year 1332, a chantry. This foundation was augmented by his nephew, Ralph de Stratford, Bishop of London, who, in addition, built a house for the priests, and the church became a collegiate foundation, and its rector bore the title of dean.

The nave consists of six bays, and is separated from the aisles by rather lofty pointed arches. Galleries were inserted, but these have been removed in the course of an extensive restoration which commenced a few years back and is still in progress. Above is a clerestory of twelve windows, two in each bay. In the south aisle was the chapel of Thomas à Becket. The roof of the nave and the stalls in the choir are good examples of woodwork; but the rood-screen, which was probably elaborate, has disappeared. At the east end of the north aisle, where was formerly the Lady Chapel enclosed by a screen, is a group of monuments commemorating members of the Clopton family. The oldest, an altar-tomb without inscription, is supposed to have been erected for Sir Hugh Clopton,* who was Lord Mayor of London in 1492, and built for Stratford a bridge over the Avon. The effigies of William Clopton—clad in armour—and his wife lie on another altar-tomb, which was erected about a century later than the other. Against the east wall is a huge canopied monument commemorating George Carew, Earl of Totnes, Baron of Clopton, and his wife, who was daughter of the aforesaid William. A long inscription records his honours and offices. He died without issue in 1629.

In the southern transept some Early English work remains, as may be seen

* He rebuilt the greater part of the chapel of the Holy Cross, which still remains, close to the site of New Place, the house in which Shakespeare died.

in the vestry. A monument against the west wall also deserves a passing glance. It is to the memoy of one Richard Hil, or Hill, a woollen-draper and "thrise bailif of this borrow." The inscriptions on his tomb are written in four languages—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English. With so much learning, it is not very



THE CHANCEL.

surprising that they fail to tell us the date of his death. This, however, appears to have occurred in 1593. The writer of his epitaph represents him as a man of singular honesty. Let us hope the proverb is not in this case accurate.

From beneath the central tower we pass into the spacious chancel, or rather choir, of the church, an unusually good example of rather late Perpendicular work. This was erected by Thomas Balsall, who was Dean of Stratford from 1465 to 1491. It is lofty, and without aisles. On either side are large mullioned windows,

divided into two tiers by a transom; but in the two eastern bays the lower stage is replaced by a blank wall, which probably was intended to be covered with fresco paintings or with tapestry. To the northern of these is affixed the noted monument to Shakespeare. A few feet to the south of it, on a raised platform, which forms a kind of broad step to that supporting the communion-table, is a plain stone slab bearing the well-known lines—

“ Good Friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To digge the dust enclosed here,
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my boncs’

The name of Shakespeare is not recorded on this stone, but there is no doubt that it covers his grave. It is so stated in Dugdale's “*Antiquities of Warwickshire*,” published only forty years after the poet's death, but that he wrote the lines is highly improbable, though possibly some friend or member of his family may have recorded in them a sentiment which Shakespeare had been heard to utter. More than once a desire has been expressed to open the grave, but hitherto the supposed wish of the dead man has been held sacred; and though an exact measurement of the skull which once encased the brain of Shakespeare would have been of the greatest interest to those whose study is man, national sentiment has hitherto proved too strong for science. It needs but a slight effort of the imagination—so little has this part of the building been changed since the seventeenth century—to reproduce the final scene of the poet's career: the open grave, yawning dark in the floor; the earth piled around on the pavement; the priests, in robes slightly more formal than those now worn, repeating in saddened tones the well-known words: “We therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ”; the mourners standing round in sorrowful silence—and there would surely be many more than the small circle of relatives—thinking, perhaps, of the dead man's own words:—

“ Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers come to dust

“ Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic must
All follow this and come to dust.”

The monument also has its spocial interest. There are various pictures which claim to be portraits of Shakespeare, but they differ from each other, and perhaps not even the best authenticated among them is quite above suspicion. But the bust on the tomb must have been sculptured a very short time after Shakespeare's death,* and so is certainly a likeness, though how far a successful one we have no

means of knowing. It "was originally painted over in imitation of nature. The hands and face were of flesh colour, the eyes of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or coat was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown or tabard, without sleeves."



HOUSE OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH

The colouring remained as described until the year 1793, when, at the request of Malone, it was covered with a coat of white paint. Our ancestors about that period appear to have had a perfect craze for painting everything, and the favourite smearing was white or light stone colour. Not a few of us can remember the chilly glare of certain old-fashioned reception rooms, and



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

the havoc which had been wrought in cathedrals and churches. The most beautiful sculpture in stone was plastered over with successive coats of whitewash; the finest old oak panels and carvings were painted white. We do, however, recollect one case where some wood carving in a college chapel was painted green. So, as the old colours must by this time have become rather damaged, it was no doubt thought that the bust had now a "particularly neat appearance." But even in that day some objections were raised, in proof of which we may venture, often

* It is mentioned by Digges in verses prefixed to the first edition of Shakespeare in 1623, and thus must have been erected within seven years of the poet's death. The tradition of Stratford is that it was copied from a cast after nature.—Black's "Guide to Warwickshire" (Stratford).

as it has been quoted, to repeat the epigram in which this action of Shakespeare's worst editor is censured :—

“Stranger to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curse upon Maloné,
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
And daubs his tombstone as he mars his plays”

In 1861 the white paint was removed and a careful restoration made of the colour, which, fortunately, could still be made out beneath it, so that we now see the monument very nearly as it must have been two centuries since

Shakespeare sleeps among his own people. On his right hand lies Anne Hathaway, his wife. On his left, his favourite daughter, Susanna Hall—“Witty above her sex, but . . . wise to salvation.” Further away are the graves of her husband, Dr. Hall, and their only child Elizabeth; also that of her sister Judith.

But there are two other monuments at the east end of the church which must not be left unnoticed. One is an altar-tomb placed against the wall a little to the east of Shakespeare's monument, handsome in design, but rather dilapidated; this commemorates Dean Balsall, by whom, as has already been stated, this part of the church was rebuilt. The

other is a fine marble monument erected to commemorate John Combe. Tradition declares that he was a great usurer, and ascribes to Shakespeare a very scurrilous doggerel epitaph in his memory; but no grounds can be found for either assertion, and there is reason to believe that he and Shakespeare were intimate friends.

Our brief account of Stratford-on-Avon Church may serve to indicate that, as we have said, it would have well repaid a visit, even if it were wholly dissociated from the memory of Shakespeare. But, as it is, we find it difficult to note the many things that are really of interest, for here, to quote the words of Washington Irving, “the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare; this idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubts, here indulge in perfect confidence; other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty.”



SHAKESPEARE.
(The Stratford Portrait.)

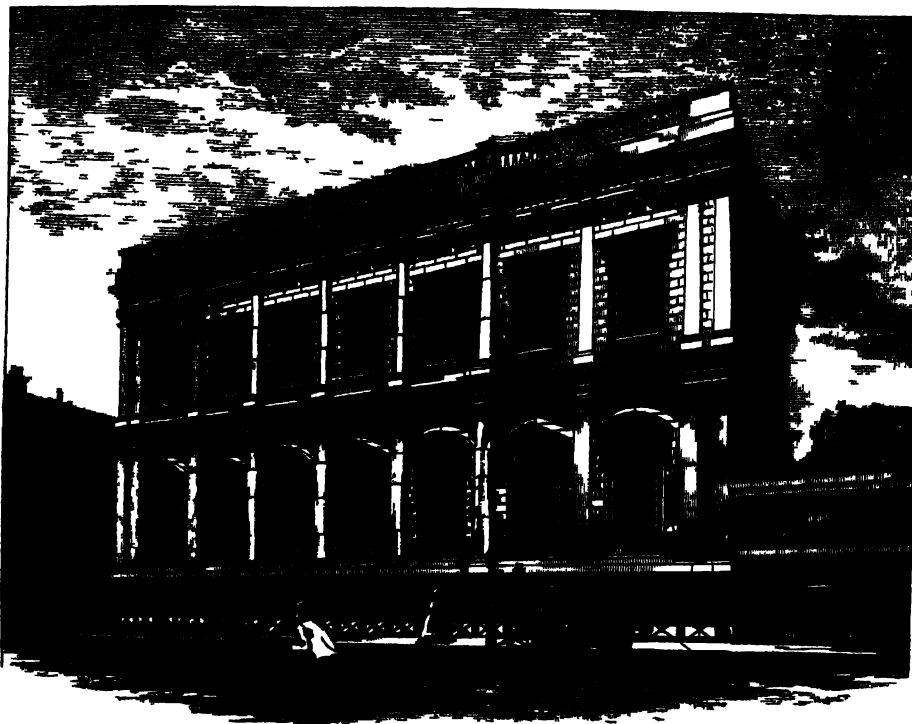
T. G. BONNEY.

ST. JAMES'S, WHITEHALL. AND THE SAVOY: THREE ROYAL CHAPELS.

OF the three royal chapels in London we take first that which is still connected with a royal palace. One word as to the history of this, of which the chapel is an integral portion. As a royal residence it is far more modern than the deserted precincts of Westminster; as a mansion it yields to Whitehall. So late as the time of Henry VIII. the ground was occupied by a hospital, dedicated to St. James, "for certain leprous maidens." The king obtained it by exchange, pensioned off the inmates, and replaced the buildings by a "fair mansion and park," in the year of his marriage with Anne Boleyn.* Within its walls his daughter Mary pined and died; here, too, died Prince Henry, the eldest son of James; and from beneath its roof, his frequent home in happier days, his yet more ill-fated brother Charles went both to his trial at Westminster, and to his death at Whitehall. Charles II., who, as well as his brother James, was born in this palace, preferred Whitehall as his residence, and gave up St. James's to his brother, the Duke of York; and here was born, though not a few refused to believe it, the unlucky infant afterwards known as the Chevalier de St. George, the Old Pretender. The palace was at first frequently occupied by William and Mary, but afterwards by Princess Anne. In it she was both born and married; and here, too, she received the news that the little "gentleman in black" had done a pleasure to the Jacobites, and a mole-hill had raised her to the throne. Hither from Hanover came George with his favourites. Here his son George also lived after his marriage, till father and son had a battle royal at the grandchild's christening, and the Prince of Wales was summarily turned out. Truly, they were not a happy family, these earlier members of the royal house of Hanover. In St. James's, long after the prince had become king, and had in turn quarrelled with his own heir-apparent, Queen Caroline, his faithful and strangely loving wife, made that very Christian ending of which so melancholy a tale is told. Since the earlier days of his successor, St. James's Palace has been less and less used as a royal residence; but levees are still held in the State apartments.

The Chapel Royal of St. James is entered from the Colour Court, to which admission is obtained by the old gateway, a familiar feature to all Londoners. On the right hand is a sort of cloister, in which is an ordinary door without any ecclesiastical character. The promise of the exterior is fulfilled within. The door opens into a passage, and that into a large room—a hall, in fact, of moderate

size The north end, at which stands the communion-table, is occupied by a large oblong window with plain, close mullions, filled with tinted glass, the roof is flat, but rather handsomely fretted and painted, the wood-fittings are of Georgian type, substantial and but little adorned The plan of the chapel is somewhat peculiar As we have said, it is simply a hall carried up to the level of the first-floor ceiling, but, by way of enlargement, sundry small rooms to east and to west on this floor have been thrown into the chamber, and are used



CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL FROM PARLIAMENT STREET

as pews, and in one case for the organ. That may not be a correct history of the structure, but is exactly what its appearance suggests The royal pew is in a gallery over the entrance The boy choristers unvested are a sight to see, so gorgeously are they apparelled in scarlet frock-coats stiff with gold braiding—"Children of the Chapel Royal" they are quaintly called, and from this family more than one musician of note has come The communion-plate, of gold, richly embossed, and on a large scale—the gift of various kings—is very magnificent. Now the service and worshippers call for no comment, but scandal says that in past days the "quality" behaved no better in the chapel than in the church of St. James. The scenes described in the latter by Addison went on to as great an extent in

the former. So far was the "making of eyes," the smirking, and signalling carried, even before Anne became queen, that Bishop Burnet complained of it to her; and the pews, it is said, were raised. On this a satirical ballad was written, which represents the bishop thus making his request:—

"Then pray condescend
Such disorders to end,
And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send,
To build up the seats, that the beauties may see
The face of no bawling pretender but me."

Thus it was done, with the following result:—

"And now Britain's nymphs, in a Protestant reign,
Are boxed up at prayers like the virgins in Spain"

Apparently the evil was to some extent cured, for her Majesty Queen Caroline, in the next century, gave general offence by her habit of talking in chapel. She had asked Mr. Whiston, her chaplain, what fault people had to find with her, and he mentioned this as the one of which they most complained. "She promised amendment; but proceeding to ask what other faults were objected to her, he replied, 'When your Majesty has amended this I'll tell you of the next.'" A somewhat plain-spoken divine this.

In this chapel George III. was a frequent worshipper. Madame d'Arbly describes how, one cold November, he would persist in his attendance, till at last the queen and court—what better idea of the intensity of the cold can we have with such a queen and such a court?—"left the king, his chaplain, and the equerry to freeze it out together." Several marriages of members of the royal family have been solemnised in this chapel, small as it is, and apparently ill adapted to any ceremonial. Among them were that of her present Majesty to Prince Albert, and that of her eldest daughter, now also a sorrowing widow, to the then Crown Prince of Prussia. Although the Queen has not been in the habit of worshipping in this chapel, even when resident in London, her chaplains-in-ordinary preach at the mid-day service, except during Lent.

The Chapel Royal at Whitehall is the sole remnant of the palace which, from the days of Henry VIII. to James II., was the principal London residence of the Sovereign; St. James's Palace, which may be termed its rival in royal favour, being during that period more often the residence of the heir apparent. Whitehall began its history as York House, at which Cardinal Wolsey resided for a time in great state. But in 1529 came the "nipping frost;" he resigned both the Great Seal and his mansion to the king, who accordingly took possession, apparently without payment, of the Cardinal's furniture and plate, and changed the name

of the palace to Whitehall. It was a frequent residence of his children during their successive reigns, and the usual one of James I. and Charles I. It was occupied by Cromwell. Then came the second Charles and his dissolute court; followed by his brother James, till he slipped away down the river to embark for France. This palace was a brick building, something in the style of the older part of Hampton Court. James I., however, intended to rebuild the whole establishment on a much more sumptuous plan, and a design was prepared by Inigo Jones. Of this, the banqueting-house—now the Chapel Royal—alone was built. In the reign of William III. the palace came to an end. It was grievously damaged by a fire in 1691; and six years later another broke out and burnt everything except the banqueting-house, which, fortunately, was almost detached from the rest of the palace. In 1718 this was converted into a Chapel Royal by George I., who presented a magnificent service of gold plate for the communion-table, to which later Sovereigns have made splendid additions. Since then, alterations and improvements have more than once been made in the interior; but its aspect is still decidedly Hanoverian. Here the curious ceremony of the distribution of the Royal Maundy gifts annually takes place on Maundy Thursday.

The Chapel Royal is built of Portland stone. Of its design Fergusson justly says, "It is neither worthy of the inordinate praise nor the indiscriminate blame which has been lavished on it." It has the faults usual in the Renaissance style, especially that of a *suggestio falsi* in its constructive ornamentation; but still it is a finely proportioned and effective building. The comparatively low ground-floor is occupied by apartments. The chapel includes the two upper and principal stages. The most remarkable internal feature is the ceiling. This is adorned by paintings on canvas from the hand of Rubens. The central portion is occupied by a huge oval representing the apotheosis of his sacred Majesty James I., who is depicted lolling easily on his seat, as he is transported heavenwards through the clouds by embodied virtues and celestial beings. It is in many senses of the word a great work; the painter's immense grasp, effective grouping, and mastery over the drawing of flesh and muscle and figure are fully evidenced; in short, the picture is a marvellous *tour de force*; but its idea indicates the very nadir of Christian art. The smirking self-satisfaction of the sprawling monarch would be absolutely comic if the scene, regarded in the light of history, were not a sarcasm too sad for laughter. Round the principal picture are eight large medallions and tablets, with emblematic figures to harmonise with the central subject. The pictures were affixed to the ceiling in 1629, four years after the death of James.

This room, in the days when it formed part of the palace, witnessed many a pageant and many a revel; but the scene of deepest and saddest interest was that of January 30th, 1649. That morning Charles I. was conducted from his

lodging in St James's Palace through the park to the palace at Whitehall. In front of the banqueting-house a scaffold had been erected at the level of the first-floor windows, one of which had been removed* in order to give easy access from within. The king, greater in adversity than in prosperity, passed along the galleries of the palace—through this room, so familiar to him in happier days—and then out upon the scaffold to the closing scene. In a few minutes all was over : Charles Stuart was dead, and the Restoration became possible.

The Chapel Royal of the Savoy differs from the two already described, in that it never formed a part of one of the strictly royal residences. A mansion was built near the Thames in 1245 by Peter, Earl of Savoy and Richmond, who was the uncle of Eleanor, wife of Henry III. Afterwards he conferred it on a religious fraternity, from whom it was purchased by the same queen for Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. It was burnt by Wat Tyler, and appears not to have been rebuilt until Henry VII. endowed it as a hospital of St. John the Baptist. Suppressed by Edward VI, it was restored by Queen Mary, and the Savoy Hospital continued for many years, its precincts becoming more and more disreputable. In the reign of Charles II. it obtained a more worthy repute as the meeting-place of the Savoy Conference. For many years the chapel was used by the parishioners of St. Mary-le-Strand, whose church had been pulled down by the Protector Somerset; and after they had left, it became, about a hundred and thirty years since, of evil note owing to the ease with which the marriage knot was tied by its minister, who availed himself of his freedom from episcopal jurisdiction, until at last he incurred a prosecution and was sentenced to transportation. In 1773 a patent was issued by George III. constituting the church a Chapel Royal, as it continues to this day, the queen holding it as Duchess of Lancaster.

The church appears to have been built about the year 1505, but it had been much altered before 1864. In the summer of the latter year a fire broke out, by which the fittings, roof, and monuments were destroyed. It was restored by her Majesty the Queen, and in the year 1886 the interior was renovated. Hence, except the walls, there is little left of olden time. It is structurally a rather plain Late Perpendicular chapel, without aisles—simply a long room, but handsomely fitted and rather richly decorated. There is a low square turret at the southern end, and the communion-table is at the northern : for the orientation of all these Royal Chapels is peculiar. The new reredos incorporates fragments of that which adorned the old chapel; and a few small monuments, which also escaped the fire, are worthy of notice; one of these is a brass commemorating

* There is no doubt that the scaffold was erected on the western side of the building, where now the footway of the street passes. Tradition points to the central window (that concealed in the interior, behind the royal pew) as the one through which the king went out to his death; but some authorities represent it as a window just on the north of the banqueting-house.

Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, translator of Virgil, who was buried here in 1522. Among other notable personages who are entombed in or about the chapel is Archibald Cameron, brother of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the last



CHAPEL ROYAL SAVOY

person executed for the rebellion of 1745. He had escaped to France, but imprudently returned to Scotland eight years afterwards, was apprehended, brought to London, executed at Tyburn, and interred at the east end of the chapel. A monument was erected to his memory (by the Queen's permission) in 1846. This was destroyed by the fire, and has been replaced by a memorial window. Another window commemorates Lander, the African traveller, who died at Fernando Po. A brass, the memorial of Bishop Halsey, which had long been missing from the chapel, and a leaf of a small triptych, which is believed to have formerly adorned the walls, have been recently recovered.

Thronged and busy as is all its neighbourhood, hemmed in with lofty warehouses and places of business, on one side the crowded Strand, on the other the turbid river, all is peace round the chapel of the Savoy, which, with its old graveyard, its plane trees and lilac bushes, forms a little oasis of rest in the populous desert of London.

T. G. BONNEY.

THE SPIRES OF COVENTRY.

IN the churches of South Staffordshire and the adjoining part of Warwickshire steeples are not common features. But the two towns which have more than once been rivals at the seat of the episcopal see of the district, and were long united in its title, are exceptions to this rule. Lichfield, which has become the centre of a diocese, now also bears away the palm with the triple group of its cathedral, and two others in the town; still, the "three tall spires" of Coventry are hardly less noted. They are worthy of a town which still retains some of the most quaint and picturesque buildings of any in the Midlands. Before the destruction of its cathedral, which was adorned with three steeples, the town must have possessed a cluster of churches which can hardly have been rivalled in England. In the immediate neighbourhood of an abbey or cathedral we not uncommonly find some church of more moderate dimensions, like St. Margaret's at Westminster, or St. Nicholas' at Rochester, to quote these examples only. But at Coventry there rose almost side by side with its cathedral two important churches, one of which was of an almost exceptional size.

The stately cathedral, with its old-world memories of Leofric and Godiva, has been swept away. Only some fragments of wall, some bases of clustered columns, disinterred during recent excavations, mark its site. It was destroyed in that iconoclastic epoch which immediately followed the rupture of the English Church from the dominion of the Pope of Rome, when, partly through a natural reaction against superstition, partly through the greed of the vultures of the Court, our land was deprived of so many noble buildings, our people robbed of so much accumulated wealth.

To the south-east of the site of the cathedral stands the church of St. Michael, after St. Nicholas', Yarmouth, the largest parish church in England. This church has had a narrow escape from ruin, and it has hardly yet left the hands of the restorer. It was found necessary to take down the upper part of the spires, to underpin a part of the tower, and apply new ashlar to the whole. At the same time other alterations were made. These words may sound ominous, but more than superficial change was absolutely necessary. The stone of which the beautiful steeple has been constructed, like much of the red stone of the district, though very effective in appearance, is very perishable. For many years the steeple of St. Michael's, with its weathered surface, from which almost every trace of ornamentation had crumbled away, had worn an aspect of decay, but for some time past it had been known to be hardly safe. Indeed, the architects at first were of opinion that it must be rebuilt, for even the foundation was found to be insecure.



as her husband, of the same

Happily, however, on a reconsideration of the question, it has been found possible by various devices in underpinning, and by recasing almost the whole structure with new stone, to avoid proceeding to this extremity, and Coventry has now retained an old friend but with a new face, which, though it may have lost somewhat in grace of outline by the substitution of the sharp-cut for the time-worn edges of its stones, will be an exact reproduction of the structure which once vied with the cathedral.

St. Michael's Church is of more than one date, but as a whole it belongs to the latter part of the fourteenth century, and the earlier of the fifteenth. The steeple was commenced in 1373, and took twenty-two years in building; the body of the church, which is of slightly later date, is known to have been completed by 1450. Popular tradition asserts the building to have been mainly the gift of a family named Botener, two brothers building the tower, and two sisters the spire. This seems to be probable, but whether the rest of the church was erected at their cost is more doubtful.

Besides this graceful spire, which rises to a height of 303 feet, the chief peculiarity in the church is the large area of ground which it covers, and the general absence of well-marked divisions in its plan. It has, indeed, a nave and side aisles, but the intervening arches are high and the clerestory is comparatively low, so that the whole is to an exceptional degree combined in one building. There are, further, large side chapels to the aisles, from which the former are barely separated. The one on the north occupies four bays. On the south are two of smaller size, separated by the porch. There is also no structural demarcation between nave and choir—or nave and chancel—whichever be the more appropriate term. Hence the general effect is that of a large irregular hall, and the building is defective in its proportions; sumptuous rather than graceful. But, though the church as a whole is open to this criticism, there is much to admire in its various parts. Of its steeple, that marvel of elegance, we have already spoken, but may add that it overtops its rival at Lichfield Cathedral by fully 50 feet; it is considerably higher than Chichester, and is only slightly exceeded by Salisbury and Norwich. These, moreover, are all central spires, while at St. Michael's the whole elevation of the steeple is apparent to the eye. An exceptional feature is that the spire rises from an octagonal lantern, which practically forms the lowest stage, as it is much smaller than the tower, and is supported by flying buttresses rising from the pinnacles of the latter. The steeple, judging from the mode in which it is joined on the inside to the church, appears to have been designed for a building slightly different in plan from the present one. Another peculiarity is that the axis of the chancel is inclined at a perceptible angle to that of the nave. Once upon a time there was a rood screen at the junction, but this has now disappeared; the side aisles, however, extend for three

bays further. The east end terminates in an apse, which, though of the simplest form, for it is only five-sided, adds much to the beauty of the church. The original design included a series of chantries on a lower level, but these were left unfinished. They have recently been completed for use as vestries; and the widening of the street at the back of the church will greatly enhance the beauty of the eastern end.

The roof is good, and there is some old carved oak still left among the



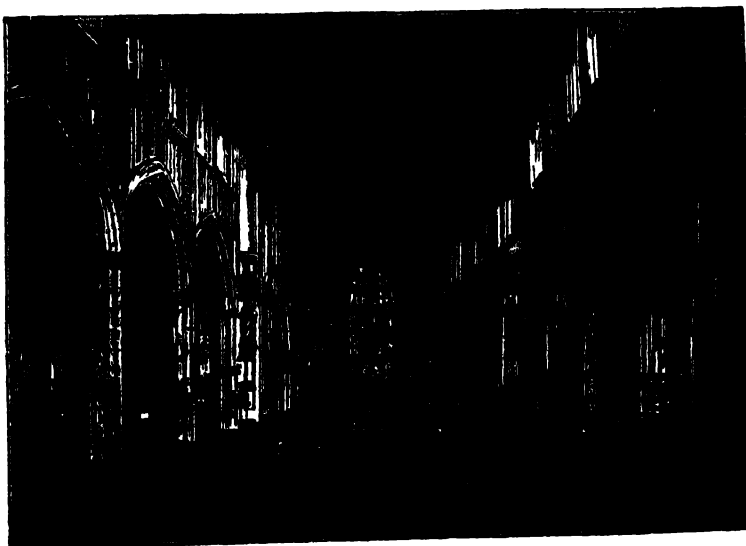
THE SPIRES OF COVENTRY

fittings of the church. It was cleared of galleries and otherwise restored about a quarter of a century since, and the interior, though plain, was in no way objectionable; but the recent restoration has resulted in a rather considerable enrichment, in addition to the structural alterations. For the most part, however, the church is more interesting and more impressive as a whole than in detail. There is little left of old stained glass, or of woodwork of any importance, nor is there anything specially worthy of notice in the designs of windows, columns, or capitals. The monuments also, though numerous, are neither remarkable for antiquity nor for design. One, from the quaintness of its inscription, deserves a passing notice. This, written by, and to the memory of, one Captain Gervase Scrope, a Yorkshireman, who died in the year 1705, is too long for quotation, but the author describes himself as "an old tossed tennis ball," worn out "with long

campaigns and pains o' th' gout," and he leaves on record a bitter protest against putting faith in princes.

"Four kings in camps he truly seru'd,
And from his loyalty ne'er sweru'd
Father ruin'd, the son slighted,
And from the Crown n'er requited.
Loss of estate, relations, blood,
Was too well known, but did no good."

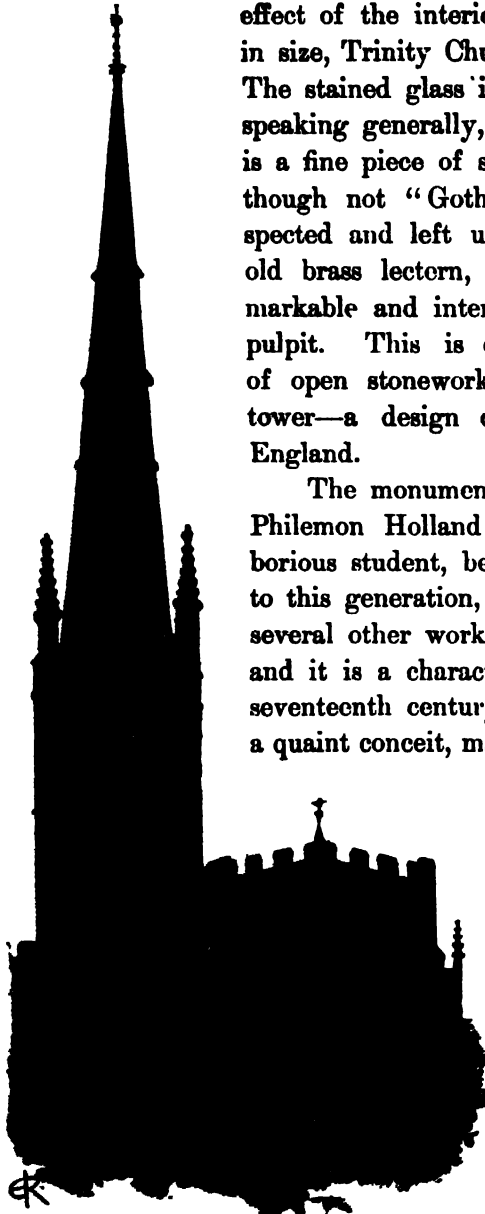
The church possesses also a splendid peal of ten bells, which formerly hung in the tower. Whether they will be restored to their former position, or placed



ST. MICHAEL'S, COVENTRY

in a second tower which may be erected for their reception at the west end, is a question which now awaits decision.

West of St. Michael's is Trinity Church, certainly better in design. It is cruciform, with a central spire, which was in 1887 thoroughly repaired and in part re-built. In the main the church is Perpendicular, but portions of it remain from an earlier structure, belonging to the thirteenth century. The spire is of later date, for the original one was blown down in the year 1604, and did much injury in its fall to the body of the church. As at Lichfield, the new spire appears to have been in the main a reproduction of the old one, so that the general effect is good, and the loss was to a great extent repaired. Trinity Church was restored some thirty years since by Sir G. G. Scott, when the bells—with a view to safety—were removed to a wooden campanile, built in the churchyard, and the bell-chamber was opened out into the church, an alteration which much enhanced the



HOLY TRINITY, COVENTRY.

effect of the interior. In this, notwithstanding the disparity in size, Trinity Church is distinctly superior to St. Michael's. The stained glass in the windows is chiefly modern, and so, speaking generally, is the woodwork, but the communion-table is a fine piece of seventeenth century carving in oak, which, though not "Gothic" in design, has been very wisely respected and left undisturbed by the restorers. There is an old brass lectern, and the font is good, but the most remarkable and interesting feature in the church is the stone pulpit. This is of unusual size, being a kind of gallery of open stonework attached to the north-east pier of the tower—a design common on the Continent, but rare in England.

The monuments are not remarkable, though the one to Philemon Holland should not be forgotten. He was a laborious student, better known to our great-grandfathers than to this generation, and translated Camden's "Britannia" and several other works. He wrote the epitaph for his own tomb, and it is a characteristic example of the scholarship of the seventeenth century. One couplet, which records his name in a quaint conceit, may be quoted as a specimen of the whole:—

"Si queras ratio quoniam sit nominis, hæc est,
Totus terra fui, terraque totus ero."

So far as the pun can be rendered into English, it is this: "Whole-land (Holland) I was and shall land-wholly (earth) be."

The late Dr. Hook, afterwards vicar of Leeds, and finally Dean of Chichester, was for some years vicar of this parish. The last event in its history of any importance was a dispute about the payment of a rate, on which the income of the vicar chiefly depended. Certain exceptional circumstances had caused

this to be retained when church-rates generally were abolished. It was, however, felt to be a grievance, and its levy gave rise yearly to more and more ill-feeling. This, in accordance with the doctrine—which has, unfortunately, become popular of late years—that the easiest and cheapest way of getting an obnoxious law

altered is to break it, was at last manifested in various riotous demonstrations. The consequence was that in 1883 the rate was superseded by an endowment from the Church Estate, supplemented by a grant from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and by another of £4,200 from the parishioners.

The third spire in Coventry—that of Christ Church—stands apart from the others, near to the railway station. It is altogether on a smaller scale, but is a very pleasing example of fourteenth century work. The church at that time was attached to the Grey Friars' Monastery. The steeple was fortunately spared when the old church was pulled down after the dissolution of the monastery; the modern structure, which has been erected on the old site, has neither interest nor beauty.

In taking leave of Coventry, we may direct notice to one other church in the town, which, though not adorned with a spire, is a fine and interesting specimen of mediæval work. This is dedicated to St John the Baptist. It was erected by a guild, under the protection of that saint, and was consecrated in the year 1350. Ultimately the church was attached to a parish, and it has of late years been carefully restored. It is cruciform, but the transepts are very short, not extending beyond the outer walls of the aisles, so that the ground-plan is an oblong. The tower is central. The church is well worth careful study, as its architecture is peculiar, the east and west windows, which are large and handsome, and the square-headed clerestory windows, being the most remarkable features. Into the details space forbids us to enter, but we may describe the general effect of the design by saying that, though rather ornate, it is unusually rigid—the work of an architect who preferred rectilinear to curvilinear combinations, that of a geometrician rather than of a poet.

T. G. BONNEY.



HOLY TRINITY, COVENTRY: THE PULPIT

MONKWEARMOUTH AND JARROW.

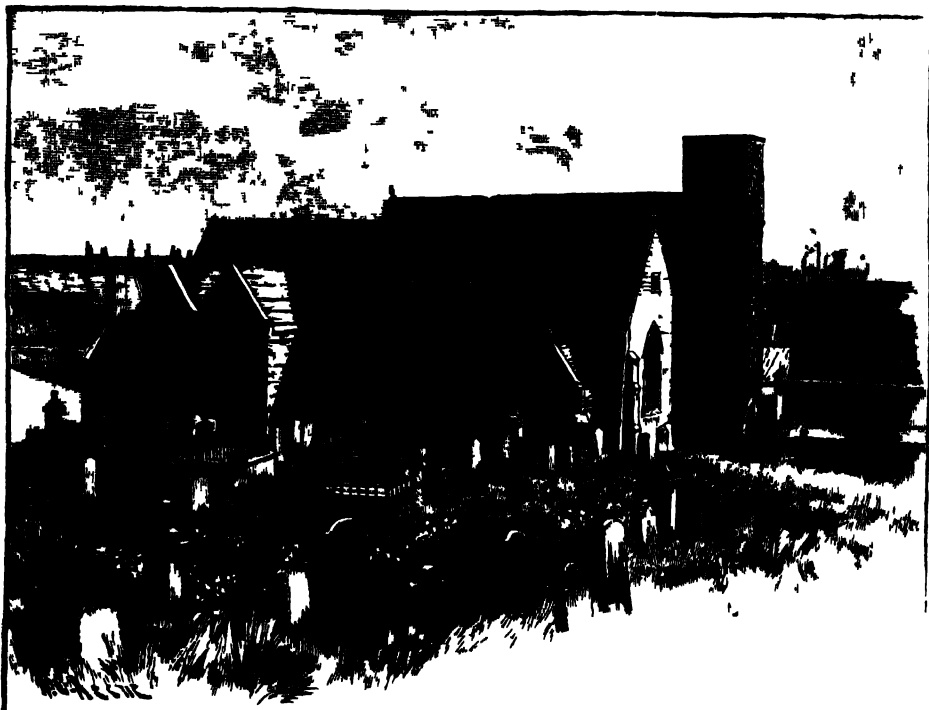
THE VENERABLE BEDE

IT may fairly be said that there are no buildings in England which can exceed in interest the sister Abbey Churches of Monkwearmouth and Jarrow. We have fragments of older buildings in the walls of churches still in existence, as at Dover, Canterbury, and elsewhere; but their earliest history is irrecoverably gone—blotted out by the pagan barbarians from whom the Anglo-Saxon race sprang. At Monkwearmouth and Jarrow, on the other hand, we have remains so considerable of the earliest buildings that we can see with very fair certainty what they were like. In the tower-porch at Monkwearmouth and in the chancel at Jarrow we stand within the walls which Benedict Biscop reared more than twelve hundred years ago; we are in the actual churches in which Ecgfrith, King of the Northumbrian Angles, worshipped; we are on ground traversed by the little feet of Bede when he served as a boy at the altar, and paced over by his graver steps when he had become the most learned man and the most voluminous writer in Western Europe. In the parish churches of to-day we are in the Abbey Churches of 674 and 682.

There can be no doubt that we owe this to one cause which stands out beyond all others. The time never came when the development of these twin monasteries demanded the erection of buildings of greater magnificence; and thus it never became the business of anyone to pull down the old walls, and obliterate the traces of the original buildings, to make way for others on a larger scale. How much this means, anyone will understand who goes into the marvellous crypt of York Minster and sees there, far within the bounding walls of the vast cathedral of to-day, the ancient herring-bone work of the modest Anglian church, built round the oratory where Edwin, the first-fruits of the kings of the North, was baptised. In the course of such vast enlargements as most of our ancient cathedral and abbey churches have undergone, all external trace of the original building has of necessity disappeared. Monkwearmouth and Jarrow had the less splendid but more happy fate of being made “cells” of Durlham by the early Norman bishop, and so the churches as they stood were enough for the wants of the monks; and there, in considerable part, they are standing yet.

The present church of Monkwearmouth has a tower on the porch. The lower part of this tower and the porch are taken to be the original work of Benedict Biscop. The same may be said of the west wall, with its curious window from the tower, ornamented at the sides with baluster-shafts. The upper part of the tower was taken down by the late vicar, and built again

with the same stones, set in the same places. The openings in the tower, of the nature of windows, divided into two arches by a central baluster-shaft, are of the same character as those commonly known as Saxon at St. Benet's, Cambridge, St. Mary Wigford, Lincoln. and in other well-known examples. The string-course with cable edging, divided into panels bearing the representations of various animals, is unlike any of the other early string-courses which have been preserved ;



MONKWEARMOUTH

and there are no examples elsewhere of the flat stone jambs, carved with interlacing serpents, on the sides of the door leading into the nave, surmounted by two baluster pillars on either side of the doorway. The north wall of the original church was in existence when the repairs of a few years ago were commenced. All trace of the monastic buildings other than the church has disappeared.

It was in 674 that the pious servant of Christ, Benedict Biscop, began to build a monastery in honour of "the most blessed Peter, chief of the Apostles," on the north side of the mouth of the Wear. The venerable and devout King of Northumbria, Ecgrith, gave him a site and helped him in the work. That is what Bede tells us. Bede was only a baby at the time, it is true, but he passed his early boyhood in the monastery, and at Jarrow he lived and died, so that he had personal knowledge of what he wrote about.

Benedict, as Bede tells us further, went to France and procured stonemasons who could build him a church of stone in the style of the Romans, which he greatly admired—a Romanesque church, as we should say. When Benedict's Gallo-Roman stonemasons had nearly finished their work, he sent to France for workers in glass to fill the windows of the church, the porches, and the upper chambers. From these workmen the English learned the art of making glass, Wilfrith, for his great churches, having only imported it. Within a year from laying the foundations, Bede tells us—evidently implying that the rapidity with which so large a work was done by the foreign masons appeared remarkable to the Angles—the roof was on and masses were celebrated. The fabric of St. Peter's Church, Monkwearmouth, was thus completed.

As for the fittings of the church, the sacred vessels, the vestments, the decorations, Benedict procured such as he could at home; for others he went to France, and even as far as Rome. On his fifth and last visit to Rome he procured pictures to hang like a crown round the church of "the blessed Mother of God" which he had built in the monastery. This leads us to suppose that before the Romanesque church of St. Peter was built he had erected for the immediate use of the monks a much humbler building, probably of wattle or timber (the Scottish fashion) and of a circular form, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was on this visit that he procured pictures for St. Paul's, Jarrow, which King Egfrith had begged him to build as soon as he had finished St. Peter's, Monkwearmouth.

The fourth abbot, Ceolfrid, did a great deal for the monastery. Among other things, he made a number of oratories, one of which, that of St. Laurence, is specially named. He doubled the library which Benedict had given, and thus made Bede's extensive studies possible. The Church of St. Mary was still in use in his time, as well as St. Peter's, for on the day on which he resigned the abbacy and left for Rome, mass was sung at early dawn in both the churches.

There can be no real doubt that a considerable part of Biscop's work remains to this day, practically the west porch and west wall of the church. His Romanesque church was a rectangular building with a "porch" at the west end—the "porch of entrance" of which Bede speaks. The foundations showed, when the modern enlargement took place, that the original building was 68 feet long and 22 feet 8 inches wide, measured on the outside. This is a symmetrical arrangement, the length being exactly three times the width; no better proportion could have been chosen. If the rule of "three cubes" was observed, the height of the side walls of the nave would be 22 feet 8 inches. The porch was half the width of the nave. The windows in the main building were no doubt small on the exterior and placed high up, with a wide splay of the jambs and a steep slope to the window-sill, that the light might spread like a fan and

come down into the body of the church. The window in the west wall, looking from the tower into the nave, will show us what the windows were like.

The west porch remains. It is square, and its width is half that of the nave—11 feet 4 inches. We cannot doubt that it and the storey above it are Biscop's work—the "porch of entrance" and one of the "upper chambers" mentioned by Bede. Whether the tower was originally higher than these two storeys we must leave to others to settle to their own satisfaction; the arguments, in our opinion, are decidedly against it. But we may fairly say that part of the "porch" is gone. The people would enter through the north and south openings in the porch; the west opening is for another purpose. It led, in all probability, from the porch into a smaller chamber, either square or semicircular, where the font was, so that a person entering by the south door of the porch would turn to the right to enter the church, and to the left to enter the baptistery.

At the east end of the main building there was, no doubt, a corresponding "porch," entered by a Romanesque arch. This chancel would be either semicircular or square; if square, it may have had a semicircular projection or apse to the east. Over it, too, there may have been an upper chamber. There may well have been other porches—"side chapels," as we should call them. Bede speaks of porches in the plural. They would be entered by Romanesque arches from the church.

We can determine the use to which the numerous baluster pillars found at Monkwearmouth and Jarrow were put. Two would be wanted for the sides of each window, as shown in the window in the west wall—a very curious arrangement which we should not have expected. Four would be wanted for each of the more ornamented archways, as shown in the present western entrance. If any of the porches had a storey above the upper chamber, clear of the gable end of the nave, each would require four, or—as at Jarrow—eight, for the central support of the arcade in the opening on each of the four sides. Nineteen balusters were found built into the wall of Jarrow Church when it was being restored. It is unnecessary to give a list of examples of these "Saxon" balusters in England. The largest of all are found in the transepts of St. Albans, where they are believed to be the surviving representatives of the original work of Offa, King of Mercia, about 793.

It was among these surroundings that Bede passed his early years. He was one or two years old when Benedict began to build; and at seven years of age he was placed in the monastery, under the charge of the founder. The sister monastery of St. Paul, at Jarrow, to which we must now pass, was built by Benedict in the year 682, and Bede went there as a boy with Ceolfrid, its first abbot. Here he remained for the rest of his life. He was ordained deacon at nineteen, some years before the usual age, and priest at thirty. He was

either fifty-nine or sixty six at the time of his death, according as one view or another is taken of the statement made by one of his disciples. He tells of himself that he spent all his years in the monastery, intent upon the study of the Scriptures, and that in the intervals between the duties enjoined by the disciplinary rule and the daily care of chanting in the church, he took pleasure

in always learning, teaching, or writing. There can be no doubt that what he chanted was the Gregorian chant, for it was now eighty years since Gregory, who sent Augustine to England, had remodelled the severe Ambrosian chant

Bede's life was sufficiently uneventful, so far as outward circumstances went, and yet there were crises in it. When he was a boy, a great pestilence raged in the north of England. It carried off almost the whole of the Wearmouth brethren, so that there were only left one man and one boy to carry on the services. This boy can scarcely have been other than Bede. Again, a time came when he was brought face to face with a grave question, affecting seriously the course of his life. His brethren would make him abbot. Bede, we are told, declined the office because he did not wish to deprive himself of leisure for study. A comparison of his life and labours with the life and labours of the canon of a cathedral of to-day might be a useful lesson to some members of some Chapters.

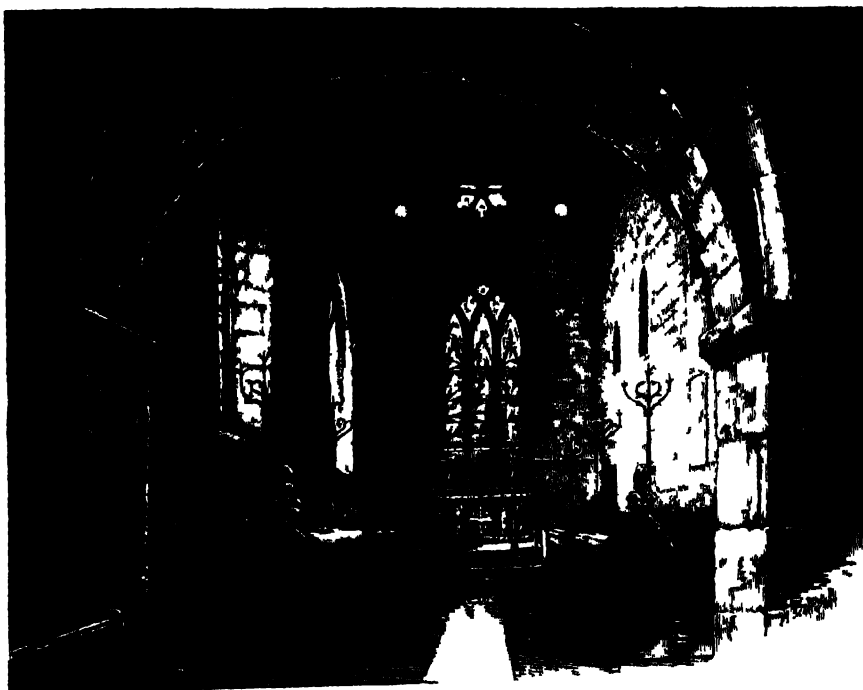
It is sometimes asked, Where could Bede have got his knowledge of much that it might have been supposed no one in England knew? The bishop who ordained him was John of Beverley, a pupil of the learned and wise Archbishop Theodore; and it may well be that Bede owed to Bishop John much of his learning, especially his knowledge of Greek. Theodore had introduced the knowledge of Greek into England shortly before Bede's birth, and it had flourished so greatly that, in Bede's time, there were many who spoke Greek as readily as English. Still, explain it as we will, it is a startling fact that the son of some seventh-century Angle who was probably born a pagan, should have reached so high a place among the most voluminous and learned of Christian writers.

Bede's death seems to have been due to the stooping attitude so constantly maintained by one who wrote many books in days of slow writing, especially in a climate such as that which probably prevailed in the parts where the Don



JARROW THE TOWER

winds in and out on its course to the Tyne. About a fortnight before Easter he was greatly troubled with shortness of breath, and on Ascension Day he died. We have a beautiful account of his last illness, written by an eye-witness. His continual giving of thanks to God is a point much insisted on. His determination to work to the very last moment is another characteristic feature. And



JARROW THE CHANCEL

when he felt that the end was really come, he begged them to turn his face towards his little oratory; and propped thus on the floor of his cell, he sang glory to God, and singing, died.

Of the domestic buildings of the monastery in which Bede lived and died, we have probably nothing remaining. Such of the stones of the present ruins, on the south side of the church, as have any sculpture are of early Norman date. There can be little doubt that the earliest parts of these ruins go back to the time when Aldwin and his two companions from Evesham went north and rebuilt Jarrow under Bishop Walcher, murdered in 1080. There is a very remarkable triangular-headed doorway in one of the walls of the monastic ruins, which it is tempting to call pre-Norman; but it has an almost exact counterpart in a doorway at Westminster. It is otherwise with the chancel of the

church, which we may take as, in the main, Benedict's original building. Its quaint little windows, its exceedingly narrow north door, and the indications in the east wall of an apse relatively wide, tell their own tale of early work. The tower is a puzzling feature, both in itself and in its relation to the other parts of the church. It is very far from square, being 21 feet 3 inches from north to south, and only 13 feet from east to west. The arches into the chancel and into the present nave are relatively very wide—11 feet 6 inches. It has not been sufficiently noticed how nearly these dimensions reproduce some of the Monkwearmouth measurements. The shape of the tower points decidedly to an arrangement resembling that in the porch at Monkwearmouth, the north and south sides being the sides of entrance. It will be seen on careful examination that at Jarrow the monks entered from their dormitories, through the south wall of the tower, into a sort of upper chamber, and came down into the chancel itself through a doorway, which is now represented by the smaller of two arches in the east wall of the tower, looking into the chancel. The considerable width of the arch from the tower into the present nave, as compared with that from the Monkwearmouth porch into the nave, may be due to the fact that there it is at the west end, while at Jarrow it is at the east. The remarkably lofty Romanesque arch from the tower into the nave of St. Benet's, Cambridge, is yet another element in a problem which has still to be solved.

In the vestry at Monkwearmouth and in the porch at Jarrow are a number of very interesting fragments of sculptured stones, which are generally allowed to be of Anglian type and date. They show complicated interlacements and very careful foliage-work; on one of the Jarrow stones two birds are remarkably well sculptured among the foliage, and there is also a graphic contest between a man and a beast. One of the very earliest inscribed Christian gravestones in England is in the vestry at Monkwearmouth—*Here rests in the body the priest Hereberecht*. But of all the sculptured treasures of Jarrow the most precious is the dedication stone. Put into English the inscription runs:—"The dedication of the basilica of St. Paul on the 9th of the Kalends of May, in the 15th year of King Ecgrith, and in the 4th year of Ceolfrid, abbat and under God founder of the said Church."

G. F. BROWN.



THE CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD.

STOKE POGES.

THE "COUNTRY CHURCHYARD"



THE SOUTH PORCH

THE form of Gray haunts the field-paths and green lanes of Stoke Poges. His must have been a familiar figure to the villagers in his later years, for we know that he was fond of solitary strolls; and the minute descriptions in the "Elegy" suggest that he must often have mused in the little churchyard. In that poem which is of all others the most completely descriptive of the typical English God's acre, he deliberately introduces his own personality, and speculates how, after his death, "some hoary-headed swain" will recall his vanished form:—

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roof so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

Many of Gray's letters to his bosom friend Mason are dated from Stoke, although he makes little mention of his doings; but we know that he spent his time here in solitude and study, as when he was in residence at Cambridge.

Gray was doubtless not the first to whom the village churchyard, retired, apart, shaded by elm and yew, restful with the caw of the rooks in the avenue

hard by, had presented itself in poetic guise. But until he wrote the "Elegy" neither poet nor essayist had succeeded in picturing a type full of tender charm for us all in language of which the beauty and fidelity are perceptible to the least learned. To a people with whom the associations of locality are weaker than happily they are with the Saxon, much of the poem would have been unintelligible. To the Englishman the spot where his forefathers lie buried is sacred ground, and for him at least is true Frédéric Mistral's proverb that love of the village steeple is the foundation of patriotism.

It was natural and inevitable that the rural churchyard which Gray, with very good reason, took as the model for description, should be much visited and written about. The little Buckinghamshire church is one of the best-known spots in England, for it is hardly an hour's journey from the heart of London, and it stands only just without the lovely belt of country where the Keep of Windsor and the "distant spires, the antique towers" of Eton do "crown the watery glade." Stoke itself is not a beautiful spot, and is as much unlike the typical village as well can be. The parish is scattered and straggling, and presents absolutely nothing of interest after Stoke Park, once the seat of the Penns of Pennsylvania fame, and the wofully modernised house in which Gray lived, and where he certainly wrote the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and probably the immortal "Elegy" itself. The comfortable-looking imitation Tudor vicarage lies some hundreds of yards away from the church, and quite a long trudge from the village. The two-mile walk from Slough is flat and uninteresting, but it is well wooded, like most parts of Bucks, one of the most sylvan and umbrageous of southern shires.

The famous church and churchyard come upon the visitor with almost theatrical suddenness. Thick clumps of trees hide the not very lofty spire, and the first glimpse of the object of so many pilgrimages has all the charm of the unexpected. A gate of the species known in the district as a "pip-pop" opens from the high road into a meadow, far away at the end of which lies the church, isolated apparently from all life and movement. Seldom does one see a parish church in the midst of such silence and solitude. In the meadow, opposite to the chancel window, stands the heavy but impressive cenotaph erected by John Penn to the memory of Gray. The monument, separated from the park by a low fence, is kept in beautiful order, and upon the panels are inscribed some of the most appropriate verses from the "Elegy." A more lovingly tended churchyard or a quainter church it would be impossible to imagine. Here is a contrast indeed to the ragged graveyards so frequently met with not many years ago, where the paths were overgrown with moss and weeds, and a flock of sheep grazed upon the little green mounds so eloquent of human love and sorrow and eternal hope. At Stoke Poges every tomb is cared for; and within the last two or

three years a new piece of ground has been added, with a lych-gate designed by Mr. J. Oldrid Scott. Although brambles and thistles lack in the older portion, and there is a noticeable absence of the raggedness which so soon comes to a neglected burying-place, order is not pushed to rigidity. Nature has had her way in all that



MONUMENTS IN THE CHANCEL.

is lovely. Over many of the older headstones ivy has grown, apparently naturally, and the mossy lettering is framed with festoons of evergreen. The ancient yew-tree of the "Elegy," which casts its shade across the porch, is tangled and intertwined with ivy, like the stones which nestle beneath it. This same yew is the chiefest reliance of all the writers who have combated the claims of other places to the immortality of having suggested Gray's poem. It is the clearest possible identification of the spot which the poet had in his mind:—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep"

Many ingenious arguments have been advanced in favour of Upton, not far from Stoke, and other places near and far, but Stoke churchyard so completely answers to the description in the "Elegy," that, added to the fact of Gray's long residence in the parish, there can be no reasonable doubt as to the spot which he has immortalised. Both the churchyard and the exterior of the church

have altered considerably since Gray's time. The addition of a wooden spire has diminished the picturesqueness of the building externally, although within scarcely anything has been touched. Very few of the tombs which Gray knew now remain, for the number of old stones is remarkably small, and those which bear dates remoter than a hundred years ago might be counted upon the fingers of one hand. I do not remember to have anywhere seen a burial-place, whether parish churchyard or cemetery, in which the memorials of the dead are more unassuming or in more uniform good taste; there is not a tasteless or a vulgar stone to be seen. Gray and his mother lie in the same grave, beneath a flat stone bearing an inscription written by the poet himself. A tablet in the wall of the church near the east window records that he is buried "opposite this stone." Among the very modern tombs is that of the eighth Duke of Leeds.

Stoke Park, once the domain of Sir Edward Coke, the learned author of the commentaries somewhat flippantly known as "*Coke upon Littleton*," skirts the churchyard, and, indeed, almost entirely surrounds it. There are elms within the park and elms within the churchyard itself in which there muster squadrons of sombre rooks, whose deep caw, strangely thought by some to be "hoarse" and "harsh," adds to the charm and restfulness of this solitary spot, seemingly so far removed from all living things, yet actually within sight and hail of one of the largest houses in England. Upon a summer evening the rooks, perched in their lofty choir, caw in solemn monotonies the hymn of the passing day, and soon afterwards the luminous mist of a midsummer night settles down upon the "ivy-mantled tower," just as Gray must often have watched it in the meditative evening strolls which were so dear to him. His description of nightfall in the second and third verses of the "*Elegy*" may well have been written after one of these wanderings in the gloaming—

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

"Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

For pictorial and artistic reasons, and even apart from its literary associations, the church of St. Giles at Stoke is extremely interesting. It is the very exemplar of the old English parish church of poem and picture, with its tower and walls thickly overgrown with ivy, its high-pitched roof and antique porch. Even some portions of the roof are partially covered with creepers. The spire is out of character with the body of the church; without it, as we may see

from old prints, the church, although somewhat stunted, was infinitely more picturesque. But the hand of the restorer and improver of ancient things is heavy, and there is cause for thankfulness that nothing worse was done. The tall gables covered with the ruddiest of red tiles are infinitely more grateful to the eye than the roofs of slate and lead which have been placed over so many old churches. The wide south porch, ivy-wreathed, projects many feet from the church, and has a roof even more highly pitched in proportion. It is of brick and timber in massive beams which recall the beautiful half-timbered manor-houses of the northern and western midlands. The level of the church-yard has been slightly raised since the porch was built, and it is entered now down a step or two. The heavy oaken door, unlocked by a great key nearly a foot long, could assuredly have withstood any ancient engine of war. Until quite recently the interior of the church did not belie in quaintness its outer promise. It was the real old-fashioned church which has so often pointed the moral of the architectural scorner. And it may be that the high rambling pews and ample galleries, commodious, comfortable, but not perhaps artistic, were far better in keeping with the associations of the building than the more modern internal arrangement which meets the eye now that the west gallery has been removed and low oak seats substituted for the old pews. Until these alterations were inflicted upon it, the interior of Stoke Church was, I believe, almost entirely unchanged from the time when Gray and his mother worshipped here. Much less than half a century ago, nine out of ten of our parish churches presented the same internal characteristics as did this of Stoke Poges. They were characteristics of the decadence, of course, and were in the main unsightly, and more conducive to slumber than to reverence. Here at Stoke, however, the old pews and galleries seemed perfectly natural and appropriate. Rambling little apartments were some of these pews, narrow at one end and wide at the other, winding round pillars, and nestling in cosy corners. In one or two of them lay heavy Bibles and prayer-books bearing names and dates of more than a century ago, and there, not unlikely, they had lain since they were stamped with the owner's name, for his descendants sit where he sat. The great Faculty Pew pertaining to the owner of Stoke Park for the time being was a survival which is not now often met with. Divided by an open screen from the nave, near the chancel step, with a private entrance, a comfortable fireplace, and rows of velvet chairs, it was more like a private apartment than a pew. In the old days that are not so far away, when ugliness and unsightliness were esteemed incentives to piety, these manorial pews existed in very many churches. Their number is now greatly diminished, the owners having placed themselves on a level with other parishioners, and accepted sittings allotted to them in rescating.

Architecturally the church is an amalgam of styles. The chancel arch is Norman, the tower and nave arcades Early English. Some of the windows are Decorated; the east window and the south chapel, which date from 1557, are Perpendicular. In the cloisters leading from the park to the Faculty Pew there are ancient windows of armorial glass emblazoned with the arms of former lords of the manor.



GRAY'S MONUMENT.

For so small a church the number of hatchments and mural tablets is remarkable. In the gallery on the south of the chancel are placed many hatchments of the Penns, the Howard-Vyses, and the Godolphin-Osbornes, the Duke of Leeds being the Lay Impropriator. Many of the wall-tablets relate to members of those families, there being not far short of a dozen tablets bearing the name of Howard-Vyse. Here lie the descendants of William Penn, the sturdy Quaker who founded Pennsylvania, from his son Thomas in the long-ago down to a remote successor buried only in 1869. Few of the tablets possess any artistic claims to consideration; but there is a very graceful bas-relief to the memory of Nathaniel Marchant, R.A., chiselled at

his own request by his friend Chantrey. Two or three beautiful painted windows have been inserted in quite recent years. A few of the other windows have been altered at various dates; but in spite of all that has been done the place has not lost its antique look; and few churches could more sharply point the moral of an elegy which takes for its text the fleetingness of life and the abidingness of the inanimate.

It is rare indeed that a church is so appropriately placed as this. Within a long stone's throw of two high roads, it is as secluded as it would be in Sleepy Hollow itself. The churchyard forms the apex of a triangle, and is immediately surrounded by park, woodland, and plantations. From the park it is separated only by a low wall, and a view of the church is one of the most charming glimpses to be obtained from the mansion of Stoke on the rising ground a few hundred paces away. This great white building, colonnaded and cupolaed, is in

the very peculiar taste of Wyatt. In the park, and to be seen from the church-yard, is a column erected by John Penn to commemorate Sir Edward Coke.

On a lower site in the park, and within a few yards from Stoke Church, stands the old manor-house, the residence of the lords of the domain until the building of Wyatt's more pretentious house. The contrast is all in favour of the ivy-covered, red-brick, home-like place, gabled and unassuming, built some time in Elizabeth's reign. Sir Edward Coke married for his second wife Lady Hatton, widow of Sir William Hatton, nephew and heir of Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor. Gray has laid the scene of his "Long Story" at old Stoke manor-house in Hatton's time, although Sir Christopher never lived there. An often-quoted passage occurs in his description of the venerable spot—

"In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands.
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands
To raise the ceilings' fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing."

Sir Edward Coke and his wife were an extremely ill-matched pair. Both possessed evil tempers, and in addition the husband was devoured by ambition, while the wife was proud and spiteful. Lady Coke—or Lady Hatton, as she was usually termed—was the daughter of the great Lord Burleigh—he whose nod would shake a state; and she had a daughter by her first marriage who became the cause of endless bickerings. Sir Edward, in furtherance of his ambitious schemes, desired to marry Mistress Hatton to Sir John Villiers, brother of the Duke of Buckingham. Both the young lady and her mother were strongly opposed to the match, and to prevent it ran away to Oatlands. Sir Edward, after groping for a day or two in the dark, followed them, took the house by storm at the head of a band of armed men, and having recovered possession of his step-daughter, locked her up in an attic at Stoke Manor House, and put the key in his pocket. Lady Hatton attempted to forcibly liberate the unwilling bride, but Sir Edward sent his wife off to prison, and compelled both mother and daughter to consent to the match, which took place at Hampton Court. The union ended, as might have been foreseen, in moral disaster.

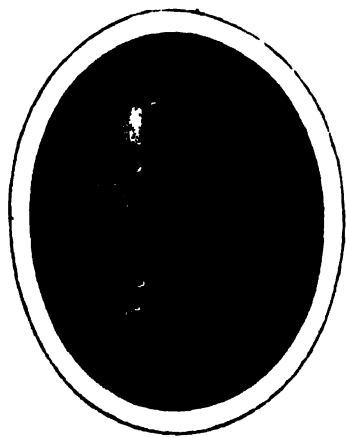
Queen Elizabeth was splendidly entertained at Stoke in 1601 by Sir Edward Coke. Her reception was magnificent, and when she left Sir Edward presented her with jewels worth more than a thousand pounds. The old manor-house was one of the many prisons of Charles I., who remained there in custody of the Parliamentary army for some days in 1647. Yet another monarch—

William III.—would have visited the house had he not been repulsed by the owner, Sir Robert Gayer. King William arrived unexpectedly at Stoke one day, and sent a polite message, requesting to be allowed to look over the house. Sir Robert, however, who was a furious Jacobite, refused, although his wife entreated him upon her knees to admit the King. "He has already got possession of another man's house! He is a usurper. Tell him to go back again. He shall not come within these walls," roared the irate Jacobite; and so Dutch William had to retire, to the acute agony of the loyal Lady Gayer.

The glories of the old manor-house have long been shorn, and a portion only of the building now remains. In that portion, however, there are one or two interesting apartments, notably the fine panelled banqueting-hall.

In addition to the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" and the "Elegy," it was probably at Stoke that Gray wrote the "Hymn to Adversity" and the "Long Story." Thus the village is associated with the best and most mature of Gray's few poems. His memory still further consecrates a locality made classic by its literary and political memories—memories of Milton and Waller, of Burke and Beaconsfield.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.



GRAY.



RYE, FROM THE FERRY

RYE AND WINCHELSEA.

TWO OLD SEAPORTS.



PEACE does not always bring prosperity. This is true not only in the moral sense, as Ruskin has indicated in eloquent words, but also in the material sense. If spears, metaphorically speaking, were beaten into pruning-hooks, Woolwich Arsenal, so soon as this process of conversion was over, must infallibly lose its trade. Now, although this millennial period is far distant, the character of war, so far as Europe is concerned, has changed, and it is needless to guard our shores against the attacks of pirates or marauders. Thus the

Cinque Ports of our southern coast, except where they have been able to make a new start in life, have fallen far away from their mediæval prosperity. The original "five ports" were Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich; and to these sundry "limbs" or subordinate ports attached themselves, among which were numbered Winchelsea and Rye. Dover still remains, as everyone knows, an important fortress; Hastings has sought new life as a watering-place; but the other ports have declined, together with many of the affiliated towns.

At a glance it is evident that Rye and Winchelsea must be counted among towns that have gone down in the world, but they illustrate different stages in



RYE THE PREDICLON.

the descent. Rye still retains its harbour, into which vessels of two hundred tons can enter, is probably as populous as in the olden time, nay, has so far extended as to boast of a New Rye on the level ground, as distinguished from Old Rye on the hill; while Winchelsea has reached a further stage of decadence. Its ancient defences have become "a world too wide for its shrunk shanks," the cattle graze upon forgotten streets, and the plough is passed over the foundations of houses.

Each town occupies a headland. Such has always been the site of Rye, but, as will be hereafter explained, the present is not the original position of Winchelsea. Between the two towns is a marshy plain. Over this in former days the sea ebbcd and flowed when its waves washed the steeper slopes which still terminate the Sussex upland. The headland hill, on which Old Rye is built, must have been designed by

nature for the site of a town. At its base three streams—the Rother, the Brede, and the Tillingham—unite to form the harbour, in which its little flotilla of fishing-boats still finds anchor. The houses cluster thickly on the slopes, up which the streets wind tortuously; and above the broken lines of roof rise two towers, indicative of the old Puritan sentiment, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," for the one is the tower of its church, the other the stronghold of William of Ypres.

Walls and battlements were needed for Rye in early days; its pastor knew sometimes the "noise of war in the gates." Predatory descents were by no means unfrequent on our coasts in the Middle Ages, and it must be admitted that they were neither unprovoked nor unrequited. In fact, the men of the Cinque Ports were a thorn in the side of France, and took to the work of harrying the French so kindly that the King could not always keep his dogs from the game when a "close time" was proclaimed. On this account, some five hundred years ago Rye was by no means a pleasant place of residence. For instance, in the year 1377 the French landed in force and plundered the town—an attention which the men of the Cinque Ports duly returned by harrying Western Normandy. That brought back the French in greater strength,



and in 1380 they burnt not only Rye, but also Winchelsea and Hastings, towns which on the former occasion had beaten off their assailants.

The church at Rye is dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, and is a cruciform structure of considerable importance. The transepts, however, are short, the nave aisles rather wide, and the choir is flanked by large chapels which range with its eastern wall, so that the ground-plan of the building is practically an oblong. There is a massive tower which, though low, is conspicuous in distant views of the town. The older part of the church is Norman, but there is later work of most dates, and it was partly rebuilt about the end of the fourteenth century. Like the town, it was fired by the French in 1380, and this may have rendered a rebuilding necessary. It has also found foes among those of its own household, for a century since it seems to have been yet worse neglected than was usual even in that age. Not only did it meet with the common fate of churches as to galleries, pews, and whitewash, but the northern chapel, dedicated to St. Clare, was used for the parish school, while the southern, dedicated to St. Nicholas, was converted into a lumber-room. These, of course, have been reclaimed, and the church has lately been restored, as was inevitable.* Externally it is plain and rather unattractive, the best feature being the tracery of the east windows and a remarkable, rather massive flying buttress supporting the eastern wall of the southern chapel, probably a subsequent addition to counteract a settlement of the foundation. The interior of the church is much more striking. The nave retains the Late Norman pier-arches, and there is work of that period in the transepts. There is also some Early English work, as in a chantry to the south aisle, and most of the eastern part of the church is Late Decorated or Early Perpendicular, subsequent, as has been said, to the injuries inflicted by the French in the year 1380.

Among the minor details, two only call for special mention. Of these, one is the church clock. This is something quite out of the common way, for the hours are struck upon its bell by a gilded pair of well-nurtured cherubs, and its pendulum is so long that it comes through the ceiling and swings free in the church below.



WINCHELSEA. THE TOWER.

* The work is not yet complete, but the building is now thoroughly repaired.

What a solace this must have been to the children of Rye during sermon time, especially in the days when the good folk liked the discourse long if not strong, and considered less than forty minutes rather short measure; and how those youngsters whose paternal pews were in full sight of the pendulum must have been envied by their less fortunately situated friends! This clock claims Queen Elizabeth as its donor, and so boasts itself to be the oldest in England which is in working order. The other thing notable is the communion-table, which is a fine specimen of Renaissance work, made of mahogany, and said to be a memorial of the Spanish Armada. Not long ago it was fastened face to the wall, as if in permanent disgrace for its non-mediæval aspect, now it has been brought forward and an attempt has been made to "set it up on high," but it evidently still troubles the modern architects because it looks too like a table.*

The decline and fall of Winchelsea is more marked than that of Rye. "Grass grows in the streets, gardens surround its houses, as in some scattered hamlet, there are great tracts of land under cultivation in the very heart of the town. Around the Friary, the chief mansion therein, on the site of an old monastery, there is a park with noble trees. You pass this, and go on through fields far away from any house, and then, where the road drops down to a valley, there is an ivy-clad ruin, once a gateway of the town. As we tread the streets of Winchelsea, we are reminded of some of the districts within the walls of Rome—of Aigues Mortes in the marshes of the Rhone delta. Yet from these they differ in one marked respect: there is something very melancholy in the grand wrecks of buildings of the one, in the ague-haunted solitudes of the other. Not so is Winchelsea; trees and flowers, the healthful air from the sea, the greenery of gardens and lawns and fields, give it a pleasant and cheerful aspect in its decline. It has come down in the world, it is true—it is a village standing on the site of a town—but still it has not fallen into degradation."† This, moreover, is New Winchelsea; Old Winchelsea—Winchels'-ea, or island—did not rise high enough to resist the encroachments of the sea. After various losses from inundations, the old town was almost swept away on St. Agatha's Eve in the year 1287.

But the value of the harbour induced Edward I. to rebuild the town on the present site, an extensive plateau, secure from the ravages of the sea, and not easily attacked by man. He intended his new town to become the chief maritime station on the south coast; and it was laid out on a definite and well-

* This removal has brought to light two small round-headed arches—viz., "Ombreys"—low down in the east wall. A stone screen has lately been inserted under the arches leading into the chapels north and south, to make the channel more complete.

† "Our Own Country," vol. vi., p. 319.

considered plan, similar to the *bastides*, *villes franches*, or free-towns, which Edward had founded in Guienne and Aquitaine. The streets form two sets of parallels at right angles with each other, and towards the centre is a large open square, near to which are built the Town Hall and the church.

At first the king's project seemed successful. New Winchelsea thrrove apace, driving a brisk trade in wines and other continental produce. It was, however, much injured in the second of the French incursions, which has already been mentioned. From the first it escaped, for the Abbot of Battle gathered his troops together, fell upon the French, and drove them from its walls; but on the second descent, the French were too strong for the valiant monk, so Winchelsea was stormed and burnt. The sea, however, was its worst enemy. It had destroyed Old Winchelsea by violence, it ruined New Winchelsea by treachery. Being unable to prevail by open attack, it adopted, too successfully, a policy of "boycotting." In the middle of the fifteenth century the sea began to retire from the coast, and the harbour became useless; first commerce, then the inhabitants, deserted Winchelsea; now the population of a village dwells in the remnants of a town.

In keeping with this, the church is only a fragment, though it is a grand one. As befits the place, it stands in an ample churchyard, beyond which is an open grassy space. Here, near the garth wall, is an aged ash tree; beneath its branches John Wesley preached his last open-air sermons at the age of eighty-seven. The church once consisted of a choir of three bays, of a chancel of one bay, with a chapel on its northern side, of transepts two bays long, of a nave of four bays, with a tower at the cross. Only the eastern part remains; the nave is gone, the transepts are reduced to broken fragments. For a tower, there is at the western end of the north aisle what may be called a "rudimentary structure," hardly developed beyond an embryonic stage; and a porch has been affixed to the wall which now blocks the choir arch.

The date of the church is, of course, that of the foundation of the town. It was built between the years 1288 and 1292, and thus belongs to a time when the graceful Early English style had just blossomed forth into the more ornate Decorated, a time which has produced some of the most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in this country. To this rule Winchelsea is no exception. The lofty arches which separate the choir from the chapels north and south, with the clustered columns of Caen stone and Sussex marble, are well worth examination. So, too, is the window tracery, especially the curious arrangement of quatrefoils in the north and south windows. The principal eastern window is also good, but it is a modern restoration. There are sedilia and a piscina in the chancel, but these have been much injured. A bracket in the wall is supposed to have once supported a figure of the patron saint,

who was no less a personage than Thomas of Canterbury. Probably that was destroyed to vindicate the royal supremacy. Here the south aisle is dedicated to St. Nicholas, the north to the Virgin. In the former is the Alard Chantry; in the latter the Farncombe. Both contain monuments of exceptional interest. In the Alard Chapel are the two finest. That nearer to the east has a beautiful



WINCHESTER: THE CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD.

gabled canopy, and all the details—"grotesque heads, with clusters and sprays of oak-leaves, the mouldings, and the ornaments—are admirable, belonging as they do to the best period of Gothic architecture, when natural leafage and natural expression were carefully imitated, but with the feeling of the truest art." The figure, which also is admirably executed, is clad in armour, the hands hold a small heart, the legs are crossed, the feet rest upon a lion. This effigy is believed, with good reason, to represent one Gervase Alard, a native of the place, and one of a family of bold sailors. He was appointed "Admiral" of the Cinque Port fleet in the years 1303 and 1306, and the first documentary evidence of the use of this title in England is in connection with his name. The other tomb, which is rather later in date and not quite so good in execution, is probably, though it has been otherwise identified, that of Stephen Alard,

who was Admiral of the Western Fleet to Edward II. in the year 1324. These tombs are of ordinary limestone, and have been coloured. The three effigies in the north aisle, which probably date from the reign of Edward III., are of polished Sussex marble. That to the west is a cross-legged warrior, that to the east a young man, and in the middle is a lady. It has been suggested that they represent a warrior, his wife, and a son, and that the first may be one Nicholas Alard. There are also some other monuments of less importance.

The bells of Winchelsea were once hung in a detached campanile, but this was pulled down in the year 1790, and, with the foundations of the nave, was carted off to repair the harbour at Rye. Both towns, it must not be forgotten, have been invested with a new interest, fictitious though it be, as the scenes among which Denis Duval spent his boyhood. So life-like is this last child of Thackeray's imagination, that we unconsciously people the streets of Rye and Winchelsea with the personages of the novel, some of whom, notably the Westons, conspicuous personages among the group of ill doers who figure in it, were not without a historical basis. That, too, there was for the smugglers, of whom Denis writes, "Grandfather, Rudge, the Chevalier, the gentlemen of the Priory, were all connected in that great smuggling society of which I have spoken; which had its depôts all along the coast, and its correspondents from Dunkirk to Havre de Grace."

T. G. BONNEY.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, SMITHFIELD, AND ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

OLD LONDON CHURCHES

ANY historical notice of the Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great, of which the remaining church is only the choir, must necessarily refer to the famous Rahere, its first canon, who in 1123 founded both the priory and the hospital; but to narrate the story of Rahere, even as it is found in authentic records, would be beyond the scope of these pages.* It must suffice now to remember that Rahere, who, though of humble birth, was a fellow of infinite jest, and of such accomplishments that he was a welcome companion of nobles and a guest at the Court of Henry I., repented of the vanity of his life, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and after a dream—a vision of St. Bartholomew—founded this church and priory of black canons.

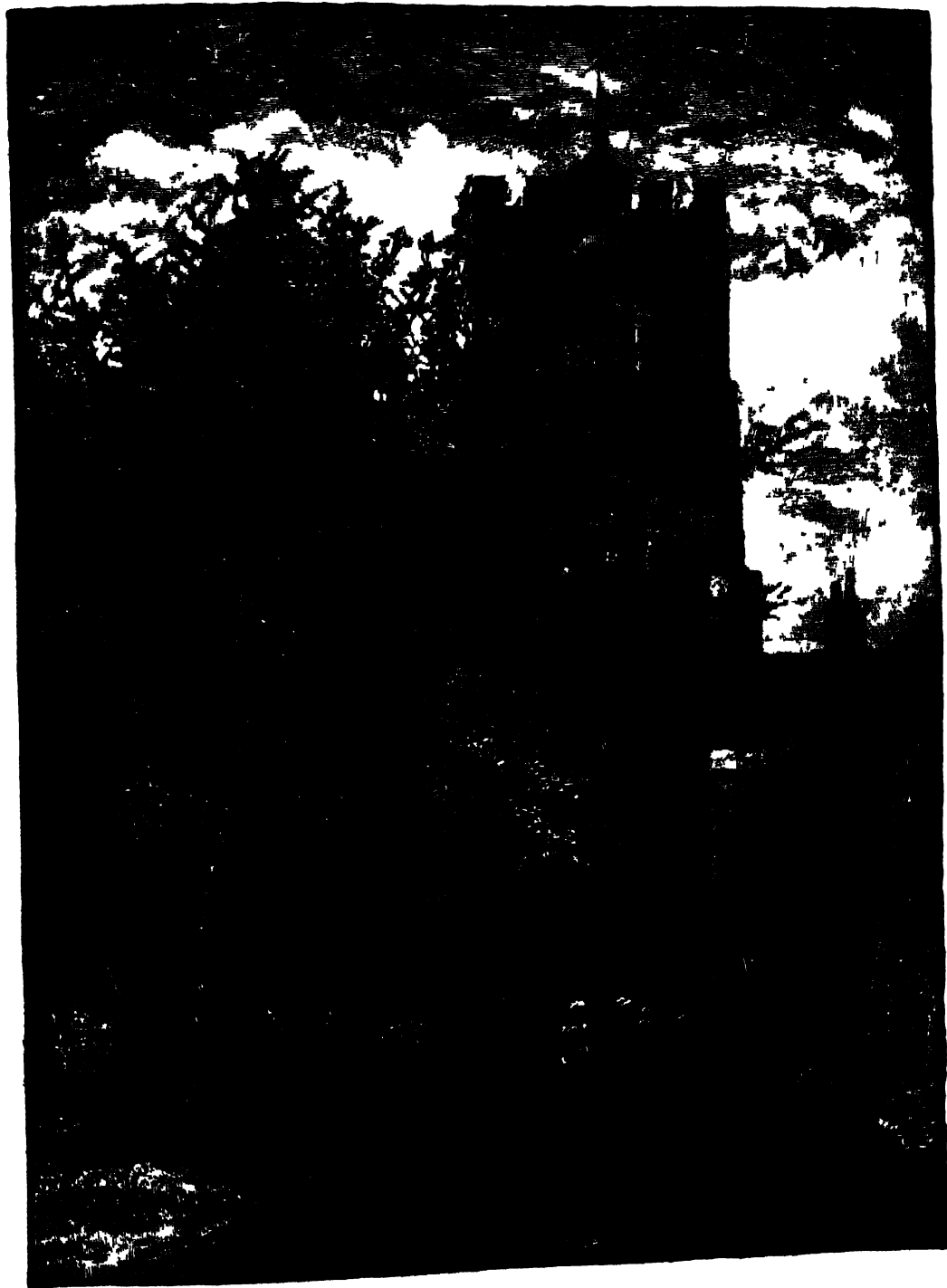
The Augustins, or “black canons,” so called from their black cassocks and cloaks, were famous builders and famous “leeches,” and for the latter reason the hospital flourished.

In March, 1123, the priory church was partially completed, and the choir, now remaining as the present church, was consecrated by Richard of Beauvais, Bishop of London. Ten years later the work was finished. Henry II. granted to the priory the privilege of holding a three days' fair for the sale of cloth, in the precinct still called “Cloth Fair;” and during the fair a court of *pied poudre* (dusty-foot) was held, for the trial then and there of cases arising from grievances or offences among the wayfarers attending the market.

For twenty-two years and six months Rahere continued as the active director of the priory and its charitable work, and when, as the chronicler says, he “the clay-house of this world forsook, and the house everlasting he entered,” he was succeeded by Thomas, one of the canons of the Church of St. Osyth.

The choir of the priory, the first portion of the building to be finished, and the only portion remaining, is older than the Temple Church, and only a few years later than the chapel in the White Tower of the Tower of London, to which it bears some resemblance in the grand and massive character of masonry that is still in its pristine condition, recent restorations having left the stonework untouched, except by sweeping off accumulated dirt and the remains of former whitewash. The ancient structure was extensive, as may be perceived by

* Dr. Norman Moore, warden and assistant physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has published the complete text and the ancient translation of the book of the foundation, from the original MS., with many interesting notes and explanations. Mr. W. Mozzant Baker, F.R.C.S., surgeon to the hospital, has also published an address delivered by him to the Abernethian Society, on the two foundations of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

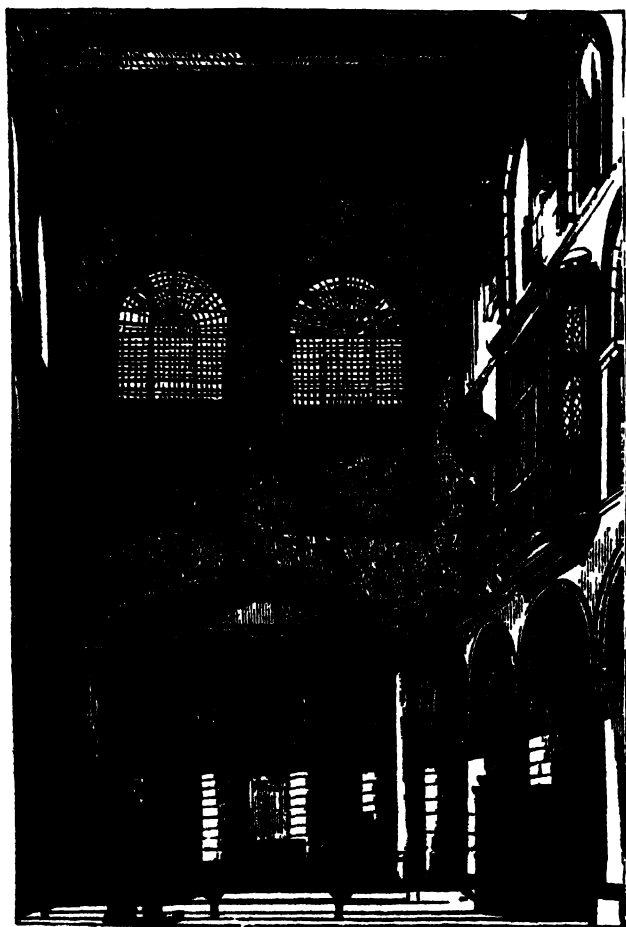


ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, SMITHFIELD THE TOWER.

the large space of ground which it covered. In Bartholomew Close, once the close of the priory, and in the adjacent courts and streets, now covered with houses of no great importance, many relics of the old buildings were to be seen at no remote date; and from documents of 1410 it may be learnt that the various habitations and offices of the priory, including the mulberry garden, the stables, kitchens, refectories, granary, woodshed, and cloisters, occupied a considerable area. When Prior Bolton came to be ruler the buildings were improved, and probably increased, and the church especially was architecturally altered, so far as much of the ornamental portion was concerned. The device or rebus of the prior (the bolt in the tun) is still to be seen here, as at many other places. Bolton was true to the Augustinian tradition at Bartholomew's as well as at Canonbury, where he built the famous tower in the gardens which were the summer retreat of the canons. He died in 1532, and in 1544 the whole of the priory buildings came within the law for the dissolution of monasteries, and the King sold them to Sir Richard Rich, the man who was instrumental in the execution of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. It was decreed that the great church within the close should be a parish church for ever, and that the "void ground," 87 feet in length and 50 feet in breadth, should become (and it still is) the churchyard. This void ground was the space formerly occupied by the nave, which had been destroyed, and the graveyard is still all that remains of it, except perhaps a fragment of the south aisle.

The buildings that grew up around the church, and almost hid it from sight, were sordid. St. Bartholomew's Fair and the Cattle Market of Smithfield were not calculated to improve the locality; and though the great hospital increased and prospered with the large grants which it obtained and inherited, the church fell into neglect and decay. It is only from certain points that any part of the church could or can be discerned from the streets. The approach from Smithfield through a dingy court to the equally dingy graveyard on the left, surrounded on three sides by plaster-fronted houses, and with its gravestones all awry and in various stages of dilapidation, is not compensated by the aspect of the ugly tower above the gateway of the church. The original tower, which occupied the centre, was destroyed at a very early date, and was replaced in 1628 by a hideous structure which has not been improved by later restorations. The entrance gate leading into the church, however, immediately interests the visitor as a fine example of Early English work; and, within the building, the bold freedom and solidity of the vast Norman pillars and arches are as superb and imposing as ever. The aisle, or ambulatory, encircling the body of the church, adds to the sense of space and grandeur. The edifice, about 132 feet long, by 57 feet wide, and 47 feet high to its timber roof, had been damaged in various ways, and was much injured by fire in 1830; but nothing could destroy the grand

proportions of the stonework, though, as the pillars and arches had been white-washed, and the congregation then objected to the lime rubbing off upon their clothes, woodwork was actually placed round the gigantic supports of the arches. Of course, portions of the architecture are of various dates, some of it being of the



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, BEFORE THE RESTORATION.

Perpendicular period; but on the whole this building, with the exception of some fragments in other churches, is the best example of good Anglo-Norman architecture in the City. The clerestory represents Early English; and the tomb of Rahere is Perpendicular, and a very fine example, though overlaid with coarse colouring of comparatively recent date. The windows were altered in the fifteenth century; the floor was raised about the year 1500. Across the western bend of what should have been the eastern apse, a straight wall had been erected, and

was painted red, spotted with black stars; and long afterwards, at a distance of a few feet eastward, was built a second wall, pierced with two arches of the time of Charles I., the narrow space between bearing the name of "Purgatory," possibly because of its darkness, or because of a quantity of bones having been



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, AFTER THE RESTORATION.

found in a recess behind the altar, as though it had been above the chancel. Originally, however, the eastern end was terminated by an apse, and the latest reclamations have had in view a restoration to what is believed to have been its former condition and its pristine beauty.

Of the tombs and monuments in St. Bartholomew's, few are of great importance, except that of Rahere. The recumbent effigy of the prior is remarkable for its elaborate ornamentation, and is a prominent object on the left as we approach



ST SAVIOURS SOUTHWARK, FROM THE SOUTH

Saviour's Church, and that it was converted into a college for priests. In 1106 two Norman knights re-founded it as a canonry and priory of the Order of



ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

Augustin, and Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, built a cathedral church and palace in Winchester Yard. These perished in a great fire in 1212, and the church was not rebuilt till near the end of the fourteenth century, when Gower, the poet, who lived close by, contributed largely to the funds. In 1404 Cardinal Beaufort was made Bishop of Winchester; and in 1406 the marriage of Edmund Holland, Earl of Kent, and Lucia, the daughter of the Lord of Milan, was celebrated here, King Henry IV. giving away the bride at the church door. Eight years afterwards James I. of Scotland was married here to the niece of the great Cardinal—the daughter of the Earl of Beaufort—James having met the lady at Windsor while he was there as a prisoner. On the dissolution of religious houses in 1539, the “black canons” who held the priory were dispersed, but the prior, Linsted, obtained from the King a pension of £100 a year—a fair sum in those days. The inhabitants of the joint parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Margaret-at-Hill, assisted by Stephen Gardiner, who had been appointed Bishop of Winchester, then bought the priory church; churchwardens were appointed, and the building became the parish church of St. Saviour.

In 1611, James I. (for a valuable consideration) granted, by letters patent to the churchwardens and parishioners, "in free soccage," the rectory and parish church, together with all the glebe lands, tithes, oblations, and so on. In consideration of this, the said churchwardens and parishioners were compelled to provide a fit house for a grammar school, and to keep a good master to teach the children of the parish at a salary of £20 a year, with an usher who received £10 a year, and also to provide two chaplains to preach in the church for £30 a year each. This was the foundation of St Saviour's Grammar School, and the conditions were observed till the year 1672, when the salaries were found to be insufficient, and were raised by Act of Parliament to £100 a year for each of the chaplains, and £30 a year each for the master and usher, the head master being probably one of the chaplains. For defraying these sums, and for the repairs of the church, the churchwardens were empowered to claim from the parishioners, in lieu of tithes, the sum of £350 per annum, "clear of reprises;" but change followed change, and Chamberlain, writing in 1760, says:—"The profits arising to the two chaplains are at this time said to amount to above £300 per annum"

Numerous alterations or restorations had then been effected in the church itself. The lady chapel at the east end was preserved, but the rest of the building was defaced by brick and plaster, which was not removed till 1822, when the beautiful Gothic architecture was revealed, the groined roof and transepts were restored, and a fine circular window was constructed. Unfortunately a nave was added to the building, with the result that the former magnificent perspective of the aisle and choir was seriously impaired, but the fine proportions of the edifice and its cathedral-like character remained. The tower, though not older than the sixteenth century, is a remarkable feature of the church, as it is 35 feet square, and rises 150 feet above the intersection of the nave, transept, and choir, supported by four massy pillars with clustered columns. The interior of the tower consists of four storeys, the uppermost containing the bells. Five grand and lofty pointed arches extend from the pillars supporting the tower to the altar screen at the east end of the choir, and the choir itself is divided by a richly-decorated screen from the lady chapel, which was restored by public subscription in 1832; but it is a wonder that any of the original structure remained, for when the church had been purchased by the parishioners, after the Reformation, this chapel was let as a bakehouse, and was used not only for a bakery, but as a storehouse for the billets and firewood, as well as for the meal used by its tenants. Nine groined arches dividing the roof of this chapel are supported by two rows of six octangular pillars, with small circular columns at the four points; and the large window at the east end, on the north side, is divided by slender pillars into three lancet-shaped windows. At the north-east corner a wooden enclosure, containing a table, desk, and high seat, was formerly used as the Bishop's court, where

the Bishop of Winchester transacted business until the early part of the present century.

The chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, founded by Peter de Rupibus, and removed in 1322, was on the east side of the south transept; another chapel, called "Bishop Andrewes' Chapel," stood at the east end of the lady chapel, but this also was removed, and the tomb of the bishop (he was one of the translators of the Bible), which occupied the centre of it, was transferred to the lady chapel.

Many of the tombs and monuments of St Saviour's are peculiarly interesting, because of their associations with the poets and dramatists and players who lived in the district, or were connected with the theatres (the Rose, the Globe, and Paris Garden being the most important) which stood on Bankside, and have themselves become historical. Gower, though one of the earliest and most munificent patrons of the priory and the church, is not the only poet who was laid within its precincts, though some of the graves are unmarked with stone or memorial. Sir Edward Dyer, who lived and died in Winchester House, was buried in the chancel on the 11th of May, 1607. Edward Shakespeare, "player," the youngest brother of the great dramatist, was buried in the church on December 31st, 1607. Here also Lawrence Fletcher, one of the principal shareholders in the Globe and the Blackfriars Theatres, and William Shakespeare's "fellow," was laid, on September 12th, 1608. Philip Henslow, the manager, who wrote the curious "Account Book," was buried in the chancel in January, 1615-16. John Fletcher (Beaumont and Fletcher) was interred in the church on August 29th, 1625. Philip Massinger was laid to rest in the churchyard March 18th, 1638-39. This, indeed, continued to be a great burying-ground to a much later date, for it is said that from 1826 to 1835 the interments amounted to above 5,000, and from 1836 to 1845 to nearly 3,000. Among the monuments in the church may be noticed those of John Trehearne, gentleman-porter to James I., with half-length effigies of himself and his wife; John Bingham, saddler to Elizabeth and James I.; Alderman Humble and his wife (*temp.* James I.); William Austin, a gentleman of importance in Southwark at the same period; and Lockyer (1672), a famous empiric, whose full-length figure may be seen in the north transept.

THOMAS ARCHER.

HOLY TRINITY, COLCHESTER; BARNACK; EARLS BARTON; ST. BENET'S, CAMBRIDGE; AND ST. MICHAEL'S, OXFORD

REMNANTS OF "SAXON" CHURCHES

BY certain "Anglican Catholics" in the present age, a church which in ground-plan was an oblong, with a small apse at the eastern end, would be regarded as an abomination. Indeed, there are, we believe, those who regard a cruciform plan as endowed with some special virtue. Yet there was a time when, so far as we can learn, cruciform churches were unknown; there was, perhaps, a time when they were regarded as unauthorised and revolutionary innovations. The simple rectangle with an apse, the plan sometimes adopted in our despised later seventeenth and older eighteenth century churches, was that in use in the earlier centuries of Western Christianity; not, indeed, in the earliest, for then its followers were not permitted to have any church at all, but worshipped in the chance "upper chambers" or in the "dens and caves" of the earth, such as the recesses of the Catacombs. In short, the most ancient form of the Christian church was that of the basilica, a structure raised after the pattern of the town-hall or court-house of the Romans; sometimes, indeed, one which had actually been built for this or some like purpose. It was, in fact, a place of assembly: it was only by degrees that the idea of the celebration of mysteries, and so what we may call the Temple plan, was recalled. Then the chancel, from being, as the name implies, merely a space enclosed with a railing, became a separate building—an *adytum*, or holy of holies, after which, probably by way of distinction from the heathen temple, the addition of a transept produced the cruciform design.

The earliest churches which remain to us in Britain as anything but the merest fragments exhibit an intermediate stage in these designs. They are usually oblong in plan, but with separate chancels and western towers, indicating by the last-named feature a comparatively late period of development. That this tower is, in a certain sense, an excrescence, is indicated by the fact that the main entrance to the church is not, as afterwards it often was, through a door in the tower, but directly into the body through the south side.

This was the usual plan of a "Saxon" church, that is, of one of those built after the faith revived by Augustine had ceased to be an exotic, and before the influence of Norman civilisation had made itself felt. This long period—at least three full centuries (it is difficult to know when we should begin to reckon)—was not, on the whole, a favourable one to church-building. Men were too much harried by the Northern rovers; sometimes they were hardly able to restore what these had burned. Moreover, much of the work of this early date,

rude and ungraceful, would be an offence to the Norman priests; and in the days which followed the Conquest, church rebuilding, like church restoration in a later period, would become a promising pathway to episcopal favour and the "refreshing dew of ecclesiastical promotion." Notwithstanding all this, Rickman enumerates one hundred and twenty churches which may claim to be either distinctly anterior to the Norman Conquest, or, if a few years later in actual date, such complete



HOLY TRINITY, COLCHESTER.

survivals of the earlier style, that they may as fairly claim to be reckoned with it as the Abbey of Harold at Waltham may be counted with the newer work.

Very few of these churches are at all perfect. Perhaps the most perfect—that of Bradford-on-Avon, exhumed from encrusting buildings during the last few years—is no longer used for worship. A large number either have been so modified that the earlier work is with difficulty discovered, or have been completely rebuilt. The feature which has very commonly escaped best—probably from utilitarian motives—is the tower. Five examples of this structure will be the subject of the present article.

Sir G. G. Scott, in his history of English church architecture, expresses the opinion that the oldest English churches may be divided into three groups. First

come those which preceded the Danish invasion, of which the best examples are the churches of Bradford-on-Avon, near Bath, Wing, near Leighton Buzzard, and Brixworth, near Northampton; the second, those from the above epoch to the invasion of Sweyn, to which period may be referred the church in Dover Castle, Holy Trinity at Colchester, Barnack, Earls Barton, Barton-on-Humber, Wootton Wawen, and others; to the third period, lasting up to the Norman Conquest, belong the towers of St. Benet's, Cambridge; St. Michael's, Oxford; St. Mary's and St. Peter's, Lincoln, &c.

Our examples in the present article are taken, as will be seen, from the second and third of the above groups. Earliest of these, in one sense, is Holy Trinity, Colchester, for the materials of which it is constructed are in themselves very old. Colchester was, in its day, an important Roman station. The sack of Camulodunum by the insurgent Britons in the days of Tacitus was an event almost as memorable at Rome as in our generation the fall of Cawnpore has been in England. The county of Essex has plenty of clay and but little stone; the latter also is of small value for building purposes, while the former makes excellent bricks; so these were largely used at Camulodunum, and as the overlookers were Romans, they were, it is needless to say, of the best. So when the Roman city went to ruin, and peasants built their cottages among its deserted public buildings, the remnants of a higher civilisation formed an excellent quarry, and a large part of mediæval Colchester—notably the castle, the priory of St. Botolph, and the tower of Holy Trinity Church—was constructed mainly of bricks from the Roman ruins.

The tower may be briefly described. It is the outcome of a time when there was little knowledge of art, and probably little money to expend on decoration. The greater part of it, as we see it, is the original structure, though one or two windows have been pierced at a later date, and the last few feet are a modern addition. It is roughly built of Roman brick which has been plastered—perhaps from the first; the old windows are of the simplest possible type—mere round-headed openings, splayed and shaftless.



HOLY TRINITY, COLCHESTER THE WEST DOOR

The small entrance door is the most interesting feature. It has rectangular piers, square capitals of the simplest form, and a triangular "arch," with a plain hood-moulding. The ground-floor chamber of the tower is connected with the body of the church by a large arched opening. This, together with the lower part of the eastern wall of the tower, is considered by some authorities to be of yet earlier date than the rest of the building. The body of the church is much more modern than the tower, and there is little of interest in its architecture or in its history.

The church of Earls Barton, in Northamptonshire, stands high up on the left bank of the Nen, and occupies a commanding position near the top of a little eminence in the village itself. The tower alone is earlier than the Norman Conquest, the remainder of the church being a structure of more than one age. Evidently the pastor of Earls Barton has been generally favoured by wealthy parishioners or patrons. The tower itself is, for its period, large, substantially built, and considerably ornamented. The Norman architects, who swept away all the rest of the "Saxon" church, erected a very ornate structure, nearly as large as the present one, and this too has been to a great extent rebuilt.

The tower consists of four stages, each slightly smaller than the one below it. The quoins, pilasters, window mouldings, &c., are worked from a shelly oolite; the rest of the masonry is irregular, and has been wholly covered with rough-cast. There is, as usual, long and short work at the corners, and thin, shallow pilasters divide the face of the intermediate wall into panels, but these are combined with occasional rows of small semicircular or triangular arches. The belfry windows are also rather peculiar. They have five lights; the semicircular heads are sculptured, rudely and feebly, out of a rough block of stone, and the baluster shafts, which often seem inadequately small, are here disproportionately large. There is a small western door, where the inner order of the arch is also formed by a single block; trimmed blocks, relieved by a shallow arcading, serve as capitals. The old work remains, on the whole, in excellent preservation, to just above the top of the belfry windows; beyond that all is comparatively modern.

The church must be passed over briefly, though there is much in it to interest the antiquarian. The south door is Norman, with ornamented mouldings and shafts, the chancel arch retains some work of the same period, and in the lower parts of both its north and south walls a rich Norman arcading still remains. The eastern part of that on the south side consists of three bays rising in steps. As these seem hardly wide enough for sedilia, they probably indicate the former position of the steps leading to the high altar, so that the original Norman chancel must have been nearly, if not quite, as long as the present one. The

remainder of the church is Late Decorated or Perpendicular in style. It contains a good Jacobean pulpit in black oak, and a rather plain fifteenth century wooden screen, on which there has been an attempt to restore the original painting. The oak roof, however, is modern, like the fittings, the whole church having been very carefully restored some years since.

Barnack Church, in the same county, is even more interesting than Earls Barton, for in it we find an example of each architectural style which, in turn, prevailed during a period of four centuries. The tower in its lower stages is Saxon; its upper stage, the southern door, and the pier-arches of the nave, indicate the transition from Norman to Early English. The south porch is in the latter style; one of its chapels dates from more than one part of the Decorated period; the largest is Perpendicular. The tower is less elaborately ornamented, but rather more highly finished, than that at Earls Barton; but whether the latter feature is due to a difference in date or a superiority of constructive material, is hard to say. At Barnack, it must be remembered, were the famous quarries from which was built many a church, not only in all the country round, but also far away in the stoneless Fenland of Eastern England. All about the village the broken ground and the roughness of the sward tell where once the stone was quarried, for no more has been obtainable for many a long year. An interesting and perplexing feature in the tower of Barnack is three sculptured stones built into the wall at the base of the second stage, and thus at a considerable height from the ground. Are they of the same date as the tower, or have they been subsequently inserted? From below they appear to be integral parts of the structure, but the bold and free style of the decoration—foliated scroll-work—and the execution of the animal figures on the top of each stone seem to indicate a rather later date. Compare with these the awkward and timid attempts at ornamentation on the various arches in the tower, especially on the large one opening into the nave. This, though it has two orders, is perfectly plain, and the curious arrangement of horizontal fillet-mouldings—if such a term be correctly applied—which does duty for capitals shows neither constructive skill nor architectural knowledge.

Here also we must pass briefly over the rest of the church, though at Barnack there is, if possible, even more to detain us than at Earls Barton. The Late Norman arches of the nave, with their marked differences of design and ornamentation; the singular little clerestory above, with its square openings and trefoil lights; the porch, with its high-pitched stone roof; the stone staircase and groining, inserted into the old Saxon tower at the end of the twelfth century, when the bell-chamber and low spire were added; the chapels and their tombs; with all the structural alterations made in the church from the beginning of the fourteenth to the end of the fifteenth century, render it hard

to tear ourselves away from so interesting a building, which is, moreover, in excellent order, and has not been too much restored. The village, too, is worthy of the church. The stone-built houses—not a few of them ancient—are neat and picturesque. The rectory, where Charles Kingsley passed a part of his childhood, is entirely in keeping with church and village. Between it and Stamford are the stately woods of Burghley, and all the country round is pleasant to the wayfarer.

The tower of St. Benedict's Church—



ST. MICHAEL'S, OXFORD.



BARNACK.



ST. BENEDICT, CAMBRIDGE.

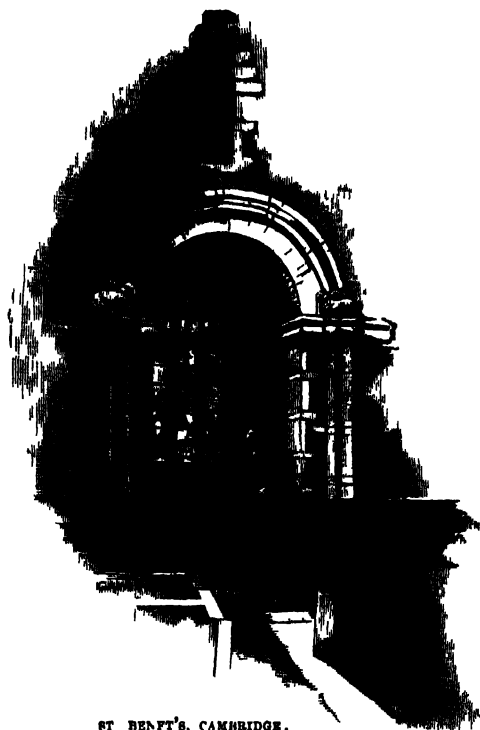
familiarly called St. Bonet's—at Cambridge is, on the whole, in good

preservation. It consists of three stages, constructed of rude stonework, originally covered

by rough-cast, with long and short work at the corners. The lowest storey, which takes up about half the building, has been much knocked about, a door and windows having been pierced at a much later period; the next storey is without any windows; the third has an abundance. A description of one face will suffice for all. In the centre, resting on a string-course, is a window of two lights, the semicircular heads of which are cut out of one block of stone; these are separated by a single lathe-turned column. This, as the walls are thick, has a curiously insufficient appearance. On either side, and not ranging with the above, are two simple round-headed windows, and diagonally and irregularly above each of these is a single stone pierced with a round hole. In

the east wall of the tower, communicating with the church, is an arch of simple but rather pleasing design, and above this a niche. The church was rebuilt, probably, in the thirteenth century, and has been a good deal altered subsequently, but a fragment with the characteristic long and short work still remains at the north-east angle of the nave.

This church is attached to Corpus Christi College, literally as well as figuratively, and was used as its chapel from the date of the foundation—that is, from the year 1353—to about 1580, when a separate chapel was built, chiefly by the munificence of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England. However, strictly speaking, for nearly a century before the latter date the College had not actually used the church, but a chapel attached to the south side of the chancel.



ST. BENET'S, CAMBRIDGE.
ARCH IN THE TOWER

The tower of St. Michael's, Oxford, is very similar to, but yet plainer than, that of St. Benet's, Cambridge. In one respect, however, it is less altered. Neither door nor window has been pierced through the lowest storey. Its exterior is a solid mass of masonry, and, as it rises directly from the street pavement and is level with the houses, which are actually built against its northern side, it suggests the idea of a structure for defence more than for ornament. The next stage has one rude, round-headed opening; the third and fourth have windows similar to, but a shade more highly finished than, those at Cambridge. The church has been reconstructed at more than one period, is of small size, and not remarkable. There is a tiny churchyard on the south, and on the east houses rise within two or three paces of the chancel.

T. G. BONNEY.

ST. MARY REDCLIFFE.

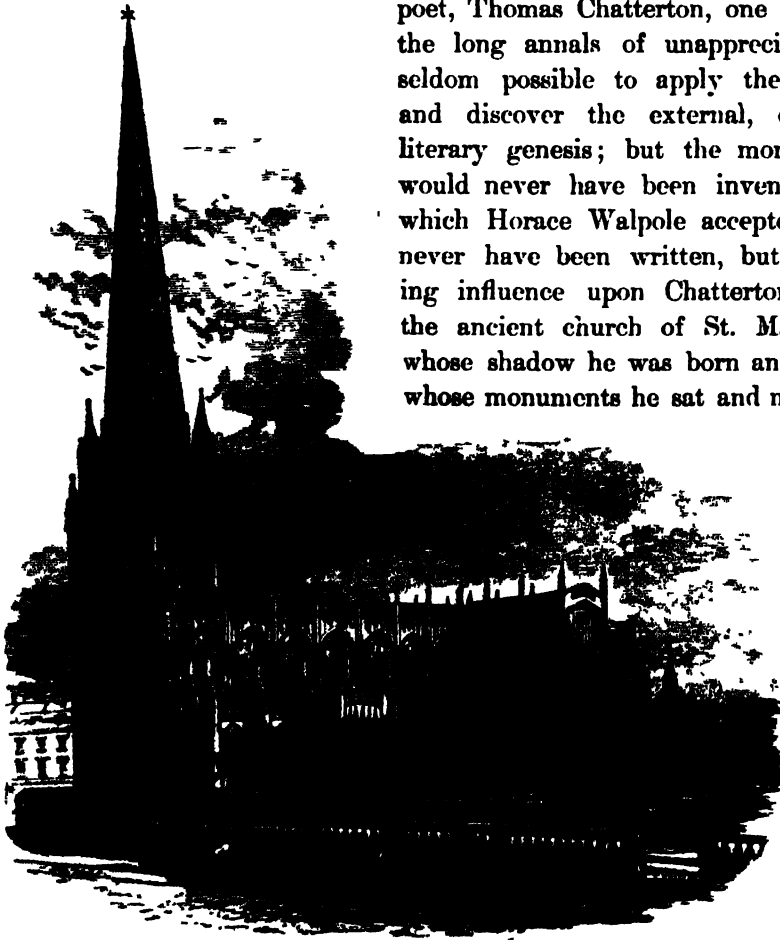
A LIFE'S FAILURE.

BRISTOL has no public building so wondrously beautiful in form and detail, or so rich in historical associations, as the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and nowhere has the munificence of its merchant princes been more freely bestowed than upon this "pride of Bristowe and the western lande." It enjoys, indeed, no mere local fame, for by the concurrent testimony of Leland, Fuller, and Camden, it takes rank as, in the words of the last named, "on all accounts the first parish church in England." But it has attained its widest, its deathless renown from the close link which binds its name to the tragic story of the boy-

poet, Thomas Chatterton, one of the saddest in all the long annals of unappreciated genius. It is seldom possible to apply the Berkeleian theory, and discover the external, exciting cause of a literary genesis; but the monk, Thomas Rowley, would never have been invented, the manuscripts which Horace Walpole accepted as genuine would never have been written, but for the overmastering influence upon Chatterton's mental being of the ancient church of St. Mary Redcliffe, under whose shadow he was born and brought up, beside whose monuments he sat and meditated, and among

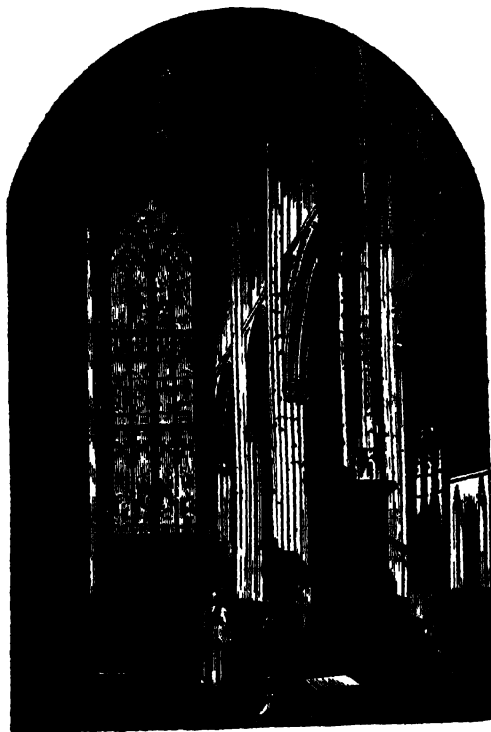
whose muniments he rummaged at will. No one, therefore, can hope to comprehend his character without catching something of the spell under which he lived.

The right way for a stranger to approach Redcliffe Church, so as to be duly impressed by its



THE EXTERIOR.

grandeur, is by the winding thoroughfare of Redcliffe Street, leading from the centre of the city. The effect upon his mind must have been even more striking when this street was as it is still to be seen in a painting by John Syer—much narrower than at present, with overhanging gabled houses, which have been swept away to make room for lofty warehouses. As it is, the stranger emerges from an avenue of houses upon a comparatively open space, to see the roadway make a sharp ascent, at the summit of which, on a natural terrace, stands Redcliffe Church, the massive steeple springing straight from the ground to a height of 300 feet. "It must have been begun when Bishop Poore was building Salisbury Cathedral, at the commencement of the



THE TRANSIT

thirteenth century, resumed when Henry III. was rebuilding Westminster Abbey Church, and completed to the spring of the spire while Edward I. was erecting his memorial crosses at the close of the same century." The capstone of the spire was put on in May, 1872, it having been previously, for some four centuries, truncated just above the tops of the four pinnacles. Directly to the east of the tower is the famous north porch, of Early English date; it is hexagonal in form, and is absolutely unique, so far as this country is concerned. The complex design and elaboration of detail which mark its ornament without and within are marvellous to behold. In a low second storey is a small chamber, called the Treasury, where Chatterton found his parchments. The church itself is in the form of a cross, and is remarkable for the fact that the transepts as well as the chancel have double aisles, a feature by no means common even in cathedrals. The instructed observer can, of course, discriminate the different periods of different parts of the structure, but they all blend together into a highly harmonious whole, which acquires a very rich and beautiful effect from the abundance of flying buttresses and pinnaced parapets, and from the lofty windows and handsome panelling of the

Perpendicular clerestory. The work of the same period predominates in the interior, where the striking individuality of St. Mary Redcliffe is as strongly marked as in its ground-plan. There is no triforium, or even horizontal string-course, between the arches and the clerestory either in nave or in chancel, but the wall space, instead of being left plain, is richly panelled. The vaulted roof, florid in ornament, is supported on shafts which spring from the floor, without any break, and contribute much to the impression of singular loftiness and lightness which is recognised as the general effect of the interior. Closing in the long vista, looking

from west to east, is the lady chapel, supported on an archway, for a thoroughfare passes beneath, as is the case with some of the Exeter city churches. In the dark age of the English Church it was used as a school, but in recent times it has been restored at the expense of the fraternity of Freemasons.



SUPPOSITIOUS PORTRAIT OF CHATTERTON.

The present church is the third which has stood upon the site; and the story of its building is one of unusual interest, for it has enshrined the name of Canynges in the annals of Bristol. It is recorded in the Mayor's Calendar, under date 1376, that Wm. Canynges "built the body of Redcliffe Church, from the cross aisle westward."

His grandson, another Wm. Canynges, when Mayor for the first time in 1442, set himself to "edifye, repayre, cover, and glaze" the church which his grandfather had partially rebuilt. This Canynges was a merchant who accumulated enormous wealth and vast influence by his enterprises; he was five times Mayor of his native city, which he also represented in Parliament, and at his house in Redcliffe Street, of which a portion is still preserved, he entertained Queen Margaret of Anjou, and subsequently King Edward IV. As an indication of the influence he enjoyed, it may be mentioned that in 1449 King Henry VI. addressed special letters of commendation to the Master General of Prussia and the magistrates of Dantzic, praying them to favour Canynges' factors, established within their jurisdiction, and to advance the interest of his "beloved eminent merchant of Bristol;" and about the same time Christian, King of Denmark, as a mark of special favour, allowed Canynges to trade at certain ports to which English ships were prohibited from going. Such was the man who was just completing his ancestor's work upon their parish church, when, during a great storm in 1445, the spire fell down and crashed through the roof of the nave, destroying several bays of it. Nothing daunted, Canynges set to work to rebuild the church upon a grander scale than ever, and all the Late Perpendicular work we have described is his. William of

Worcester, who was living in Bristol at this time, has preserved many interesting details regarding Canynges' master builder Norton, and has given a minute description of the building, which is of great value to the architectural student. Canynges, whose other benefactions to Redcliffe parish were most numerous, took holy orders later in life, after the death of his wife, whom he dearly loved,



THE RENEDES.

singing his first mass, of course, at St. Mary's, and retired to the college of Westbury-upon-Trym, of which he subsequently became Dean, and where he died about 1474. There is a very dramatic version of the motive for his retirement from the world given in the Mayor's Calendar, which does not possess the merit of being true. It is to the effect that when Canynges became a widower the king, with an eye no doubt to conduct his wealth into some chosen family, commanded him to marry a lady of royal selection, and that he forthwith entered the priesthood rather than do so.

Nearly three centuries elapse as we pass from the story of the wealthy merchant who made St. Mary's beautiful, to that of the poor lawyer's clerk who

made it famous. Thomas Chatterton's family had, for some generations, held a minor office in connection with Redcliffe Church, and his father was master of a free school, still existing, within its shadow on the northern side. Here Thomas was born on the 20th of November, 1752, his misfortunes having begun even before he opened his eyes upon the world he was to find so cruel, for his father had died three months before. His mother, when she had to quit the schoolhouse, took up her abode close by, on the western side of the church. This magnificent structure therefore coloured his earliest impressions, and, beyond all doubt, determined the bent of his mind. It must be remembered to his credit that he appreciated and admitted its wondrous beauty in an age when polite critics all regarded Gothic architecture as rude and barbarous. We could readily believe, if the fact were not distinctly recorded, that with his dreamy poetic disposition he would, even as a child, haunt the church, and spend hours in silent thought beside Canynges' tomb. He got to know every nook and corner of the building, and in the Treasury, above the north porch, he found an ancient chest, known as Canynges' coffer, in which, with reckless unconcern, was left loose and unprotected a number of old parchments, to which no value was attached, as they were not actually title-deeds of property. These afforded him material on which to work when the fictitious monk, Thomas Rowley, had assumed definite form and substance in his imaginative brain, and he had resolved to bestow upon the world some of the manuscripts of this supposed contemporary of Canynges. If any scruples entered his mind as to the propriety of so doing, the miseries of his position were enough to goad him into taking any means which promised him release therefrom. The children of the poor cannot live in idleness, and he was at the age of fourteen years apprenticed to a Bristol attorney, named Lambert. His office hours, twelve a day, seem nowadays cruelly excessive, though they were not so regarded even within living memory; but Lambert was a hard taskmaster, with no power of appreciating the genius he was entertaining, whom he subjected to the keenly felt indignity of sleeping with the footboy.

After two years of this cruel existence Rowley was brought upon the scene, and Dodsley, the publisher, was offered the opportunity of acquiring several of Rowley's poems, and "an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic poem extant." But the publisher did not bite, even when he was offered the tragedy of "*Ælla*," another pseudo antique, in reality a very powerful performance of Chatterton's, for the small sum of one guinea. Then a fresh line was baited, and Horace Walpole, at the time engaged upon his "*Anecdotes of British Painters*," was promised some information regarding eminent painters who had flourished in Bristol, as well as some old poems. Walpole rose to this tempting bait, and was in reply furnished with "*a Historie of Peyncters of Englande bie Thomas Rowley*." At the same time Chatterton ventured to make a pathetic statement

of his poor and uncongenial condition, and to beseech the great man's aid to place him in some position in which he could indulge his natural inclination towards literature. To this he received a most unfeeling reply, urging him to stick to his business. Moreover, his ill-starred manuscripts were now suspected and submitted to experts, who pronounced them forgeries. The contemptuous manner in which Walpole announced this conclusion reduced Chatterton to despair; he was turned out of doors by his master as worthless, and went to London, as so many others have done before and since, hoping to gain a living by his pen. But the friendless boy met failure everywhere, and even when in a state of starvation his spirit was too proud to confess it to those who would have relieved such distress as that. So after four months of misery he poisoned himself, not being then eighteen years of age.

When this last fact is taken into consideration, the power displayed in Chatterton's poems is something marvellous, and it is an unquestionable loss to literature that his life was so miserable and misguided, and his death so early. His apologists urge that his Rowley manuscripts are no more forgeries than Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," which was put forth as a translation. But fictions of the latter kind are recognised, whether we approve them or not, as part of the literary stock-in-trade, just like the solemn asseverations of the truth of his stories indulged in by such a writer as another gifted son of Bristol, whose career was as untimely cut short, if his lot was happier—Hugh Conway. But Chatterton represented his Rowley productions as actually ancient documents, and, indeed, palmed several of them off upon an old surgeon named Barrett, who was writing a "History of Bristol." His conduct, therefore, cannot be justified, although abundant excuses can be found for it in the hardships which made his life so wretched, and eventually unhinged a mind so full of promise. A memorial cross now stands in the churchyard opposite the north porch, which is especially associated with his memory.

But other traditions, of a less gloomy character, linger round the stately church of St. Mary Redcliffe. William of Wykeham was vicar of this parish before he went to Winchester to carry out his noble projects there. The long aisles once re-echoed to the voice of George Whitfield, who has written of the occasion that he preached "to such a congregation as my eyes never yet saw, with great liberty and demonstration of the Spirit." Robert Southey was a native of Bristol, and Coleridge, coming here to confer with him upon their scheme for emigrating to the banks of the Susquehanna to found yet another ideal commonwealth, took up his residence in the city. So it came to pass that Redcliffe Church was the scene of an important event in both their lives. Here in the year 1795 Coleridge married Sarah Fricker, and Southey her sister Edith, the latter departing for Portugal actually on his wedding day. The bride and

the groom shook hands and parted in silence after the ceremony, the poet being at this time so poor that his friend Cottle, the bookseller, had to lend him the money to pay the necessary fees. The ladies were both beautiful, and were milliners of Bristol, not of Bath, as Lord Byron speaks of them in "Don Juan."

On Whit Sunday a quaint old custom, dating from the year 1494, is carefully observed. In fulfilment of a bequest then made by one William Mede, who had been three times Mayor of Bristol, the church is strewn with reeds and flowers, the fine peal of eight bells rings merrily, and the Mayor and members of the Corporation, clad in the crimson robes which here, at least, the Municipal Reform Act did not abolish, attend the morning service in state, and return to the Council House to drink mulled wine. On November 13th in every year the anniversary of Edward Colston, the great Bristol philanthropist, is honoured by three societies, who contrive a unique combination of the essentially British institution of dining together, of politics, and of charity, though it must in justice be added that with them, as with the Apostle, "the greatest of these is charity." As the hour of midnight marks the beginning of that anniversary, the sweet bells of Redcliffe ring a muffled peal, which sounds over the silent city and echoes round the valley with a weird and solemn music not to be forgotten by those who have once heard it.

During the present century the noble church has been worthily restored. The work began in 1842, when the removal of the dwelling-houses with which human vandalism and greed had encrusted it showed the need of reparation; it occupied thirty years in completion, and is estimated to have involved an expenditure of £40,000. The raising of this large sum was not without its element of romance and mystery, for the committee were encouraged from time to time by munificent gifts from an anonymous contributor, who was only known to them under the pseudonym of "Nil Desperandum," and who furnished the whole sum of something like £2,500 for the restoration of the famous north porch. Many guesses were made, but only after his death was "Nil Desperandum" identified with a prominent citizen—Thomas Proctor.

HAROLD LEWIS.